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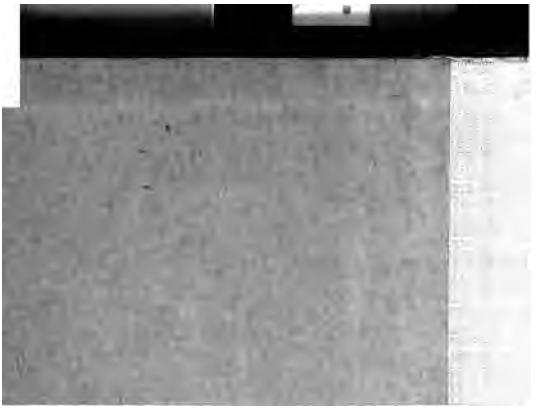

veland Hoadley Dodge.

THE WORKS

John OF Ballantr

Alexander Pope, Esq.

VOLUME IV.

CONTAINING HIS

SATIRES, &c.

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ADVERTISEMENT

TO

The firſt publication of this *Epiſtle.*

THIS paper is a ſort of bill of complaint, begun many years ſince, and drawn up by ſnatches, as the ſeveral occaſions offered. I had no thoughts of publiſhing it, till it pleaſed ſome perſons of Rank and Fortune [the Authors of *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court*] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings (of which, being public, the Public is judge) but my *Perſon*, *Morals*, and *Family*, whereof, to thoſe who know me not, a truer information may be requiſite. Being divided between the neceſſity to ſay ſomething of *myſelf*, and my own lazineſs to undertake ſo aukward a taſk, I thought it the ſhorteſt way to put the laſt hand to this Epiſtle. If it have any thing pleaſing, it will be that by which I am moſt deſirous to pleaſe, the *Truth* and the *Sentiment*; and if any

thing offenſive, it will be only to thoſe I am leaſt ſorry to offend, *the vicious* or *the ungenerous*.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumſtance but what is true; but I have, for the moſt part, ſpared their *Names*, and they may eſcape being laughed at, if they pleaſe.

I would have ſome of them know, it was owing to the requeſt of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inſcribed, that I make not as free uſe of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I ſhall have this advantage, and honour, on my ſide, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuſe may be directed at any man, no injury cau poſſibly be done by mine, ſince a nameleſs Character can never be found out, but by its *truth* aud *likeneſs*.

[redacted]

Plate XVI Vol. IV. facing p

Shut shut the Door good John, fatigud I sa
Tye up the Knocker, say I'm sick I'm dea

F.p. to Arbuthnot.

EPISTLE to Dr. ARBUTHNOT,

BEING THE

PROLOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

P. SHUT, ſhut the door, good John! fatigu'd I ſaid,
Tye up the knocker, ſay I'm ſick, I'm dead,
The Dog-ſtar rages! nay 'tis paſt a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnaſſus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what ſhades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They ſtop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is ſacred, not the Church is free,
Ev'n Sunday ſhines no Sabbath-day to me:

VER. 1. *Shut, ſhut the door, good John!*] John Searl, his old and faithful ſervant: whom he has remembered, under that character, in his Will.

Then from the Mint walks forth the man of r
Happy! to catch me, juſt at Dinner-time.
Is there a Parſon, much be-mus'd in beer,
A maudlin Poeteſs, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's ſoul to croſs,
Who pens a Stanza, when he ſhould *engroſs?*
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, ſcr
With deſp'rate charcoal round his darken'd wa
All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble ſtrain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whoſe giddy ſon neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cau
Poor Cornus ſees his frantic wife elope,
And curſes Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my Life! (which did not you pr
The world had wanted many an idle ſong)

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 20. in the MS:

Is there a Bard in durance? turn them free,
With all their brandiſh'd reams they run to m
Is there a Prentice, having ſeen two plays,
Who would do ſomething in his Semptreſs' pr

VER. 29. in the 1ſt Ed.

Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curſe?
Say, is their anger, or their friendſhip worſe?

VER. 13. *Mint.*] A place to which inſolvent deb
tired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they we
ſuffered to afford one another, from the perſecution
creditors.

What *Drop* or *Noſtrum* can this plague remove?
Or which muſt end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm ſped.
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be ſilent, and who will not lye:
To laugh, were want of goodneſs and of grace,
And to be grave, exeeeds all Pow'er of face.
I ſit with ſad civility, I read
With honeſt anguiſh, and an aching head;
And drop at laſt, but in unwilling ears,
This ſaving counſel, "Keep your piece nine years."
Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by ſoft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and requeſt of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
"I'm all ſubmiſſion, what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modeſt wiſhes bound,
My Friendſhip, and a Prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon ſends to me: "You know his Grace,
"I want a Patron; aſk him for a Place."
Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

Ver. [illegible] *Pitholeon*] The name taken from a fooliſh Poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to *Greek*. Schol. in Horat. l. 1. Dr. Bentley pretends, that this Pitholeon libelled Cæſar alſo. See notes on Hor. Sat. 10. l. 1.

" Dare you refuſe him? Curl invites to dine,
" He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine."
Bleſs me! a packet.—" 'Tis a ſtranger ſues,
" A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muſe."
If I diſlike it, " Furies, death and rage!"
If I approve, " Commend it to the Stage."
There (thank my ſtars) my whole commiſſion ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the houſe reject him, " 'Sdeath I'll print it
" And ſhame the fools—Your int'reſt, Sir, with
Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
" Not, Sir, if you reviſe it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks;
At laſt he whiſpers, " Do; and we go ſnacks."
Glad of a quarrel, ſtrait I clap the door,
Sir, let me ſee your works and you no more.
'Tis ſung, when Midas' Ears began to ſpring,
(Midas, a ſacred perſon and a King)
His very Miniſter who ſpy'd them firſt,
(Some ſay his Queen) was forc'd to ſpeak, or burſt

VARIATIONS.

VER. 53. in the MS.
If you refuſe, he goes, as fates incline,
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn Divine.

VER. 60. in the former Ed.
Cibber and I are luckily no friends.

VER. 72. *Queen*] The ſtory is told, by ſome, of his Ba
ber, but by *Chaucer* of his Queen. See Wife of Bath's T
in *Dryden*'s Fables.

And is not mine, my friend, a ſorer caſe,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous things,
I'd never name Queens, Miniſters, or Kings;
Keep cloſe to Ears, and thoſe let aſſes prick,
'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the ſecret paſs,
That ſecret to each fool, that he's an Aſs:
The truth once told (and wherefore ſhould we lie?)
The queen of Midas ſlept, and ſo may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature ſmarts ſo little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canſt hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulſions hurl'd,
Thou ſtand'ſt unſhook amidſt a burſting world.
Who ſhames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',
He ſpins the ſlight, ſelf-pleaſing thread anew:
Deſtroy his fib or ſophiſtry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,

VER. 80. *That ſecret to each fool, that he's an Aſs:*] i. e. that his ears (his marks of folly) are viſible.

VER. 88. Alluding to Horace,

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. P.

VER. 92. *The creature's at his dirty work again,*] This *metamorphoſing*, as it were, the *Scribler* into a *Spider* is much more poetical than a compariſon would have been. But Poets ſhould be cautious how they employ this figure; for where the likeneſs is not very ſtriking, inſtead of giving force, they become obſcure. Here, every thing concurs to make them run into one another.

Thron'd on the centre of his thin deſigns,
Proud of a vaſt extent of flimzy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
Loſt the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnaſſian ſneer?
And has not Colly ſtill his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henly, his free-maſons Moor?
Does not one table Bavius ſtill admit?
Still to one Biſhop Philips ſeems a wit?
Still Sappho—A. Hold; for God-ſake—you'll off
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like theſe—P. One Flatt'rer's worſe than
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the ſlaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worſe when they *repent*.
One dedicates in high heroic proſe,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grubſtreet will my fame defend,
And more abuſive, calls himſelf my friend.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 111. in the MS.

For ſong, for ſilence ſome expect a bribe:
And others roar aloud, "Subſcribe, ſubſcribe."
Time, praiſe, or money, is the leaſt they crave;
Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

They both *ſpin*; not from the *head* [reaſon] but from *guts* [paſſions and prejudices] and ſuch a *thread* that entangle none but creatures weaker than themſelves.

VER. 98. *free-maſons Moor?*] He was of this ſociety, frequently headed their proceſſions:

This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subſcribe, ſubſcribe."
There are, who to my perſon pay their court:
I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am ſhort,
Ammon's great ſon one ſhoulder had too high,
Such *Ovid*'s noſe, and, "Sir! you have an Eye—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me ſee
All that diſgrac'd my Betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languiſhing in bed,
"Juſt ſo immortal *Maro* held his head:"
And when I die, be ſure you let me know
Great *Homer* dy'd three thouſand years ago.
Why did I write? what ſin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I liſp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

VARIATIONS.

After VER. 124. in the MS.

But friend, this ſhape, which You and Curl [a] admire,
Came not from Ammon's ſon, but from my Sire [b]:
And for my head, if you'll the truth excuſe,
I had it from my Mother [c], not the Muſe.
Happy, if he, in whom theſe frailties join'd,
Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

[a] Curl ſet up his head for a ſign. [b] His father was crooked.
[c] His Mother was much afflicted with head-achs.

VER. 131. *Sir, you have an Eye*] It is remarkable that amongſt theſe compliments on his infirmities and deformities, he mentions his *eye*, which was fine, ſharp, and piercing. It was done to intimate, that flattery was as odious to him when there was ſome ground for commendation, as when there was none.

I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd.
The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wi
To help me thro' this long disease, my Life,
To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,
And teach, the Being you preserv'd, to bear.

But why then publish? *Granville* the polite,
And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could writ
Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,
And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays
The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,
Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head,
And *St. John*'s self (great *Dryden*'s friends befor
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
Happier their author, when by these belov'd!
From these the world will judge of men and boo
Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cocks*.

VER. 139. *Talbot*, *&c.*] All these were Patrons or mirers of Mr. Dryden; though a scandalous libel a him, entitled, *Dryden's Satyr to his Muse*, has been pr in the name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholl norant.

These are the persons to whose account the Author ch the publication of his first pieces: persons, with who was conversant (and he adds beloved) at 16 or 17 ye age; an early period for such acquaintance. The cata might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confi to that time when he writ the *Pastorals* and *Windsor* on which he passes a sort of Censure in the lines followi

"While pure Description held the place of Sense? &

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure Deſcription held the place of ſenſe?
Like gentle *Fanny*'s was my flow'ry theme,
A painted miſtreſs, or a purling ſtream.
Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
I wiſh'd the man a dinner, and ſate ſtill.
Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
I never anſwer'd; I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madneſs made them print,
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.
Did ſome more ſober Critic come abroad;
If wrong, I ſmil'd; if right, I kiſs'd the rod.
Pains, reading, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence,
And all they want is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.
Comma's and points they ſet exactly right,
And 'twere a ſin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one ſprig of laurel grac'd theſe ribalds,
From ſlaſhing *Bentley* down to pidling *Tibalds*:
Each wight, who reads not, and but ſcans and ſpells,
Each Word-catcher, that lives on ſyllables,
Ev'n ſuch ſmall Critics ſome regard may claim,
Preſerv'd in *Milton*'s or in *Shakeſpear*'s name.

VER. 150. *A painted meadow, or a purling ſtream,* is a verſe of Mr. Addiſon.

VER. 164. *ſlaſhing Bentley*] This great man, with all his faults, deſerved to be put into better company. The following words of Cicero deſcribe him not amiſs. "Habuit "à natura genus quoddam acuminis, quod etiam arte li- "maverat, quod erat in reprehendendis verbis verſutum et "ſollers: ſed ſæpe ſtomachoſum, nonnunquam frigidum, "interdum etiam facetum."

Pretty! in amber to obſerve the forms
Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's ſecret ſtandard in his mind,
That Caſting-weight pride adds to emptineſs,
This, who can gratify? for who can *gueſs?*
The Bard whom pilfer'd Paſtorals renown,
Who turns a Perſian tale for half a Crown,
Juſt writes to make his barrenneſs appear,
And ſtrains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year,
He, who ſtill wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, ſpends little, yet has nothing left:

VER. 169. *Pretty in amber, &c.*] The wit and imag'ry this paſſage has been much and juſtly admired. The m deteſtable thing in nature, as a *toad*, or a *beetle*, beco pleaſing when well repreſented in a work of Art. But i no leſs eminent for the beauty of the thought. For thou a ſcribler *exiſts* by being thus incorporated, yet he *exiſts tombed*, a laſting monument of the wrath of the Muſes.

VER. 173. *Were others angry:*] The Poets.

VER. 174.---*I gave them but their due.*] Our Author alw found thoſe he commended leſs *ſenſible* than thoſe he reprov The reaſon is plain. He gave the latter *but their due*; a the other thought they had no more.

VER. 180.--- *a Perſian tale.*] Amb. Philips tranſlated Book called the *Perſian tales.*

And He, who now to ſenſe, now nonſenſe leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And He, whoſe fuſtian's ſo ſublimely bad,
It is not Poetry, but proſe run mad:
All theſe, my modeſt Satire bad *tranſlate*,
And own'd that nine ſuch Poets made a *Tate*.
How did they fume, and ſtamp, and roar, and chafe!
And ſwear, not ADDISON himſelf was ſafe.

Peace to all ſuch! but were there one whoſe fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inſpires;
Bleſt with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe:
Should ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;

VER. 186. *Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:*] A caſe common both to *Poets* and *Critics* of a certain order; only with this difference, that the *Poet* writes himſelf out of his *own meaning*; and the *Critic* never gets into *another man's*. Yet both keep going on, and *blundering round about* their ſubject, as benighted people are wont to do, who ſeek for an entrance which they cannot find.

VER. 189. *All theſe, my modeſt Satire bad tranſlate,*] See their works, in the Tranſlation of claſſical books by ſeveral hands.

VER. 190.---*nine ſuch Poets, &c.*] Alluding, not to the nine Muſes, but to nine Taylors.

VER. 192. *And ſwear, not* ADDISON *himſelf was ſafe.*] This is an artful preparative for the following tranſition; and finely obviates what might be thought unfavourably of the *ſeverity* of the ſatire, by thoſe who were ſtrangers to provocation.

Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd:
Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;
While Wits and Templars ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe—
Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he!

VARIATIONS.

After VER. 208. in MS.

Who, if two Wits on rival themes conteſt,
Approves of each, but likes the worſt the beſt.

Alluding to Mr. P.'s and Tickell's Tranſlation of the f Book of the Iliad.

VER. 212. *And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe---*] Wl men, out of flattery, extol what they are conſcious they not underſtand, as is ſometimes the caſe of men of educati the fear of praiſing in the wrong place is likely enough give a *fooliſh* turn to the air of an embarraſſed countenan

VER. 213. *Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be* While a Character is *unapplied*, all the various parts of will be conſidered together; and if the aſſemblage of th be as incoherent as in this before us, it cannot fail of bei the object of a malignant pleaſantry.

VER. 214. *Who would not weep, if* ATTICUS *were he!*] I

What tho' my name ſtood rubric on the walls,
Or plaiſter'd poſts, with claps, in capitals?
Or ſmoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I fought no homage from the Race that write;
I kept, like *Aſian* Monarchs, from their ſight:
Poems I heeded (now be rym'd ſo long)
No more than thou, great GEORGE! a birth day ſong.
I ne'er with wits or witlings paſs'd my days,
To ſpread about the itch of verſe and praiſe;
Nor like a puppy, daggl'd thro' the town,
To fetch and carry ſing-ſong up and down;
Nor at Rehearſals ſweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my ſide;
But ſick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To *Bufo* left the whole *Caſtalian* ſtate.

when we come to know it belongs to *Atticus*, i. e. to one whoſe more obvious qualities had before gained our love or eſteem; then friendſhip, in ſpite of ridicule, will make a ſeparation: our old impreſſions get the better of our new, or, at leaſt, ſuffer themſelves to be no further impaired than by the admiſſion of a mixture of pity and concern.

Ibid. ATTICUS] It was a great falſhood, which ſome of the Libels reported, that this Character was written after the Gentleman's death; which ſee refuted in the Teſtimonies prefixed to the *Dunciad*. But the occaſion of writing it was ſuch as he would not make publick out of regard to his memory: and all that could further be done was to omit the name, in the Edition of his works.

VER. 218. *On wings of winds came flying all abroad?* Hopkins, in the civth Pſalm. P.

Proud as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown *Bufo*, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with ſoft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand and hand in ſong.
His Library, (where buſts of Poets dead
And a true *Pindar* ſtood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undiſtinguiſh'd race,
Who firſt his judgment aſk'd, and then a place
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his ſeat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and ſome days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid ſome bards with port, and ſome with p
To ſome a dry rehearſal was aſſign'd,
And others (harder ſtill) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone eſcap'd this judging eye:
But ſtill the *Great* have kindneſs in reſerve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to ſtarve.

VARIATIONS.

After VER. 234. in the MS.

To Bards reciting he vouchſaf'd a nod,
And ſnuff'd their incenſe like a gracious god.

VER. 236.---*a true* Pindar *ſtood without a head*] Ri the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhi headleſs *Trunks* and *Terms* of Statues, for Plato, Hom dar, &c. Vide *Fulv. Urſin. &c.*

VER. 248.---*help'd to bury*] Mr. *Dryden*, after havir in exigencies, had a magnificent Funeral beſtowed up by the contribution of ſeveral perſons of quality. P.

May ſome choice patron bleſs each gray gooſe quill!
May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* ſtill!
So when a Stateſman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Senſe,
Or ſimple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whiſtled off my hands!
Bleſt be the *Great!* for thoſe they take away,
And thoſe they left me, for they left me GAY;
Left me to ſee neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameleſs life the ſole return
My Verſe, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh let me live my own, and die ſo too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a Poet's dignity and eaſe,
And ſee what friends, and read what books I pleaſe:
Above a Patron, tho' I condeſcend
Sometimes to call a Miniſter my friend.
I was not born for Courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and ſay my pray'rs;

VER. 251. *So when a Stateſman, &c.*] Notwithſtanding this ridicule on the *public* neceſſities of the Great, our Poet was candid enough to confeſs that they are not always to be imputed to them, as their *private* may. For (when uninfected by the *neighbourhood of Party*) he ſpeaks of thoſe diſtreſſes much more diſpaſſionately.

Our Miniſters like Gladiators live,
'Tis half their buſ'neſs blows to ward, or give;
The good their Virtue would effect, or Senſe,
Dies between Exigents and Self-defence. MS.

Can ſleep without a Poem in my head,
Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead.
Why am I aſk'd what next ſhall ſee the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to ſerve, no ſoul to ſave?
"I found him cloſe with *Swift*—Indeed? no doubt
" (Cries prattling *Balbus*) ſomething will come out
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.
" No, ſuch a Genius never can lie ſtill;
And then for mine obligingly miſtakes
The firſt Lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes.
Poor guiltleſs I! and can I chuſe but ſmile,
When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style?*

VARIATIONS.

After VER. 270. in the MS.

Friendſhips from youth I ſought, and ſeek them ſti
Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
The world I knew, but made it not my ſchool [a],
And in a courſe of flatt'ry liv'd no fool.

After VER. 282. in the MS.

P. What if I ſing Auguſtus, great and good?
A. You did ſo lately, was it underſtood?
Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
As rumbling D----s or a Norfolk hound;
With GEORGE and FRED'RIC roughen ev'ry verſe,
Then ſmooth up all, and CAROLINE rehearſe.
P. No--the high taſk to lift up Kings to Gods
Leave to Court-ſermons, and to birth-day Odes.

[a] By *not making the World his School* he means, he did not form his ſyſtem of morality, on the principles or practice of men in buſineſs.

Curſt be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue ſcandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the ſoft-ey'd Virgin ſteal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmleſs neighbour's peace,
Inſults fall'n worth, or Beauty in diſtreſs,
Who loves a Lye, lame ſlander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:
That Fop, whoſe pride affects a patron's name,
Yet abſent, wounds an author's honeſt fame:
Who can *your* merit *ſelfiſhly* approve,
And ſhow the *ſenſe* of it without the *love*;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
But wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;

VARIATIONS.

On themes like theſe, ſuperior far to thine,
Let laurell'd Cibber, and great Arnal ſhine.
Why writs at all?--A. Yes, ſilence if you keep,
The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunces weep.

VER. 295. *Who has the vanity to call you friend, Yet wants honour, injur'd, to defend*;] When a great Genius, whoſe things have afforded the world much pleaſure and inſtruction, happens to be enviouſly attacked, or falſly accuſed, it is natural to think, that a ſenſe of gratitude for ſo agreeable an obligation, or a ſenſe of that honour reſulting to his Country from ſuch a Writer, ſhould raiſe amongſt thoſe who *call* themſelves his *friends*, a pretty general indignation. But every day's experience ſhews us the very contrary. Some have a malignant ſatisfaction in the attack; others a fooliſh pleaſure in a literary conflict; and the far greater part look on with a ſelfiſh indifference.

That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He ſtood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loſs of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The diſtant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never ſhed;
The tale reviv'd, the lye ſo oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed traſh, and dulneſs not his own;

a MS. letter now before me, writes thus from England a friend in Paris, "I intend to ſend you two or three pc "of Mr. Pope, the beſt poet of England, and at preſer "all the world. I hope you are acquainted enough "the Engliſh tongue, to be ſenſible of all the charm "his works. For my part, I look upon his poem c "the *Eſſay on Criticiſm* as ſuperior to the *Art of poetr* "Horace; and his *Rape of the Lock* is, in my opinion, a "the *Lutrin* of Deſpreaux. I never ſaw ſo amiable "imagination, ſo gentle graces, ſo great variety, ſo n "wit, and ſo refined knowledge of the world, as in "little performance." *MS. Let. Oct.* 15, 1726.

VER. 341. *But ſtoop'd to Truth*] The term is from falcor and the alluſion to one of thoſe untamed birds of ſp which ſometimes wantons at large in airy circles befo regards, or *ſtoops* to, its prey.

VER. 350. *the lye ſo oft o'erthrown*] As, that he rece ſubſcriptions for Shakeſpear, that he ſet his name to Broome's verſes, &c. which, tho' publicly diſproved, v nevertheleſs ſhamelefsly repeated in the Libels, and eve that called the *Nobleman's Epiſtle*.

VER. 351. *Th' imputed Traſh.*] Such as profane *Pſ Court-Poems*, and other ſcandalous things, printed in Name by Curl and others.

The morals blacken'd when the writings 'ſcape,
The libel'd perſon, and the pictur'd ſhape;
Abuſe, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whiſper, that to greatneſs ſtill too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his Sov'REIGN's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue!* all the paſt:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the *laſt!*

A. But why inſult the poor, affront the great?
P. A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry ſtate:
Alike my ſcorn, if he ſucceed or fail,
Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,
A hireling ſcribler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the poſt corrupt, or of the ſhire;
If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
He gain his Prince's ear, or loſe his own,

VER. 354. *Abuſe, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread,*] Namely on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurſt, Lord Bolingbroke, Biſhop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurſe, aſperſed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Ducket, L. Welſted, Tho. Bentley, and other obſcure perſons.

VER. 357. *Perhaps, yet vibrates*] What force and elegance of expreſſion! which, in one word, conveys to us the *phyſical* effects of ſound, and the *moral* effects of an often repeated ſcandal.

VER. 359. *For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the* laſt!] This line is remarkable for preſenting us with the moſt amiable image of ſteady Virtue, mixed with a modeſt concern for his being forced to undergo the ſevereſt proofs of his love for it, which was the being thought hardly of by his SOVEREIGN.

Yet ſoft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded Sat'riſt *Dennis* will confeſs
Foe to his pride, but friend to his diſtreſs:
So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald*'s door,
Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moor*
Full ten years ſlander'd, did he once reply?
Three thouſand ſuns went down on *Welſted*'s lye
To pleaſe a Miſtreſs one aſpers'd his life:
He laſh'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubſtreet* on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 368. in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedleſs youth was bit,
And lik'd that dang'rous thing, a female wit:
Safe as he thought, tho' all the prudent chid;
He writ no Libels, but my Lady did:
Great odds in am'rous or poetic game,
Where Woman's is the ſin, and Man's the ſhame.

VER. 374. *ten years*] It was ſo long after many l before the Author of the Dunciad publiſhed that poem when, he never writ a word in anſwer to the many rilities and falſehoods concerning him.

VER. 375. *Welſted's lye.*] This man had the impuden tell in print, that Mr. P. had occaſioned a *Lady's death*, to name a perſon he never heard of. He alſo publi that he libell'd the Duke of Chandos; with whom, (it added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received him a preſent of *five hundred pounds*: the falſehood of which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received preſent, farther than the ſubſcription for Homer, from or from *any great man* whatſoever.

VER. 378. *Let Budgel*] *Budgel*, in a weekly pamphlet c the *Bee*, beſtowed much abuſe on him, in the imagina

the two *Curls* of town and Court, abuſe 380
father, mother, body, ſoul, and muſe,

he writ ſome things about the *Laſt Will* of Dr. *Tindal*, e *Grub-ſtreet Journal*; a Paper wherein he never had the hand, direction, or ſuperviſal, nor the leaſt knowledge s Author.

ER. 379. *except his Will*;] Alluding to Tindal's Will: hich, and other indirect practices, Budgel, to the ex- on of the next heir, a nephew, got to himſelf almoſt vhole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him.

ER. 381. *His father, mother, &c.*] In ſome of Curl's and : pamphlets, Mr. Pope's father was ſaid to be a Me- ic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But, what anger, a *Nobleman* (if ſuch a reflection could be thought me from a Nobleman) had dropt an alluſion to that ul untruth, in a paper call'd an *Epiſtle to a Doctor of nity*: And the following line,

Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obſcure,

allen from a like *Courtly* pen, in certain *Verſes to the Imi- of Horace*. Mr. Pope's Father was of a Gentleman's ily in Oxfordſhire, the head of which was the Earl of ne, whoſe ſole Heireſs married the Earl of Lindſey.— mother was the daughter of William Turnor, Eſq; of t: She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, her died in the ſervice of King Charles; the eldeſt ſol- ng his fortunes, and becoming a general Officer in Spain, ier what eſtate remained after the ſequeſtrations and for- res of her family--Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; She 33, aged 93, a very few weeks after this poem was finiſh-

The following inſcription was placed by their ſon on Monument in the pariſh of Twickenham, in Middleſex.

D. O. M.

EXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO. PROBO. PIO. QVI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII. ET. EDITHAE. CONIVGI. INCVLPABILI. PIENTISSIMAE. QVAE. VIXIT. ANNOS. XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII. ARENTIBUS. BENEMERENTIBVS. FILIVS. FECIT: ET. SIBI. P.

Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
It was a ſin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmleſs Mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and ſpare his family, *James Moore!*
Unſpotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.

Of gentle blood (part ſhed in Honour's cauſe,
While yet in *Britain* Honour had applauſe)
Each parent ſprung—A. What fortune, pray?—
P. Their own,
And better got, than *Beſſus*'s from the throne.
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Diſcord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age.
No Courts he ſaw, no ſuits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye.

VER. 390. A. *What fortune, pray?*] His friend's perſonating *the Town* in this place, and aſſuming its impertinent curioſity, gives great ſpirit to the ridicule of the queſtion.—Julian has a parallel ſtroke, in his ſarcaſtic diſcourſe to the people of Antioch, where he tells them a ſtory out of Plutarch, concerning Cato; who, when he came near their City found their youth under arms, and the magiſtrates in their robes of office. On which alighting in an ill humour with his friends who he imagined had informed them of his approach, the maſter of the ceremonies came up, and, advancing before the company, accoſted him in this manner "Stranger, how far off is Demetrius?" *Now this Demetrius* (ſays Julian) *was one of Pompey's freedmen, and immenſely rich. You will aſk me what he was worth; for I know nothing ſo likely to excite your curioſity. Why, truly, for this, you muſt conſult Demophilas the Bithynian, whoſe anecdotes turn chiefly upon ſuch ſubjects of this high importance.*

Unlearn'd he knew no ſchoolman's ſubtile art,
No language, but the languague of the heart.
By Nature honeſt, by Experience wiſe,
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exerciſe;
His life, tho' long, to ſickneſs paſt unknown,
His death was inſtant, and without a groan.
O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die!
Who ſprung from Kings ſhall know leſs joy than I.
O Friend! may each domeſtic bliſs be thine!
Be no unpleaſing Melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of repoſing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of Death,
Explore the thought, explain the aſking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the ſky!
On cares like theſe if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bleſs thoſe days, preſerve my friend,
Preſerve him ſocial, chearful, and ſerene,
And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a QUEEN.
A. Whether that bleſſing be deny'd or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the reſt belongs to Heav'n.

VARIATIONS.

After VER. 405. MS.

And of myſelf, too, ſomething muſt I ſay?
Take then this verſe, the trifle of a day.
And if it live, it lives but to commend
The man whoſe heart has ne'er forgot a friend,
Or head, an Author: Critic, yet polite,
And friend to Learning, yet too wiſe to write.

SATIRES

AND

EPISTLES

OF

HORACE

IMITATED.

Advertiſement.

THE occaſion of publiſhing theſe *Imitations* was the Clamour rais'd on ſome of my *Epiſtles*. Anſwer from *Horace* was both more full, and of re Dignity, than any I could have made in my own ſon; and the Example of much greater Freedom ſo eminent a Divine as Dr. *Donne*, ſeem'd a proof h what indignation and contempt a Chriſtian may it Vice or Folly, in ever ſo low, or ever ſo high tation. Both theſe Authors were acceptable to *Princes* and *Miniſters* under whom they lived. The ires of Dr. *Donne* I verſified, at the deſire of the l of *Oxford* while he was Lord Treaſurer, and of Duke of *Shrewſbury*, who had been Secretary of te; neither of whom look'd upon a Satire on Vi- us Courts as any Reflection on thoſe they ſerv'd in. d indeed there is not in the world a greater error, n that which Fools are ſo apt to fall into, and aves with good reaſon to encourage, the miſtak- a *Satiriſt* for a *Libeller*; whereas to a *true Sati-* nothing is ſo odious as a *Libeller*, for the ſame ſon as to a man *truly virtuous* nothing is ſo hateful a *Hypocrite*.

Uni æquus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis, P.

THE

Firſt Satire of the Second Book

OF

HORACE

IMITATED.

WHOEVER expects a *Paraphraſe* of Horac
or a faithful Copy of his genius, or manner of wr
ing, in theſe IMITATIONS, will be much diſappoi
ed. Our Author uſes the Roman Poet for lit
more than his canvas: And if the old deſign or c
louring chance to ſuit his purpoſe, it is well: if n
he employs his own, without ſcruple or ceremon
Hence it is, he is ſo frequently ſerious where Hora
is in jeſt; and at eaſe where Horace is diſturbe
In a word, he regulates his movements no furth
on his Original, than was neceſſary for his concu
rence, in promoting their common plan of *Reform
tion of manners.*

Had it been his purpoſe merely to paraphraſe
ancient Satiriſt he had hardly made choice of H
race; with whom, as a Poet, he held little in co
mon, beſides a comprehenſive knowledge of li
and manners, and a certain *curious felicity* of expre

:h conſiſts in uſing the ſimpleſt language
nity, and the moſt ornamented, with eaſe.
·eſt, his harmony and ſtrength of numbers,
and ſplendor of colouring, his gravity and
· of ſentiment, would have rather led him to
model. Nor was his temper leſs unlike that
:e, than his talents. What Horace would
le at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave
of Perſius: and what Mr. Pope would ſtrike
cauſtic lightning of Juvenal, Horace would
himſelf in turning into ridicule.

ɔe aſked then, why he took any body at all
te, he has informed us in his *Advertiſement*.
:h we may add, that this ſort of Imitations,
re of the nature of *Parodies*, adds reflected
nd ſplendor on original wit. Beſides, he
it more modeſt to give the name of Imitati-
is Satires, than, like Deſpreaux, to give the
· Satires to Imitations.

SATIRA PRIMA.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

[a]SUNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus; [b] fine nervis altera, quidquid
Compoſui, pars eſſe putat, ſimileſque meorum
Mille die verſus deduci poſſe. [c] Trebati,
Quid faciam? praeſcribe.
T. [d] Quieſcas.
H. Ne faciam, inquis,
Omnino verſus?
T. Aio.
H. Peream male, ſi non
Optimum erat: [e] verum nequeo dormire.

VER. 3. *Scarce to wiſe* Peter---Chartres] It has been commonly obſerved of the Engliſh, that a Rogue never goes to the Gallows without the pity of the Spectators, and their parting curſes on the rigour of the Laws that brought him thither: and this has been as commonly aſcribed to the *good nature* of the people. But it is a miſtake. The true cauſe is their hatred and envy of power. Their compaſſion for Dunces and Scoundrels (when expoſed by great writers to public contempt, either in juſtice to the age, or in vindication of their own Characters) has the ſame ſource. They cover their envy to a ſuperior genius, in lamenting the ſeverity of his Pen.

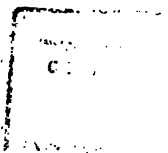


Plate XVII

Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit & the Thro
Yet touchd and shamd by Ridicule alo.
Ep: to Satir.

SATIRE I.

To Mr. FORTESCUE.

THERE are (I ſcarce can think it, but am told)
There are, to whom my Satire ſeems too bold:
Scarce to wiſe Peter complaiſant enough,
And ſomething ſaid of Chartres much too rough.
[b] The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to ſay,
Lord Fanny ſpins a thouſand ſuch a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,
[c] I come to Council learned in the Law:
You'll give me, like a friend both ſage and free,
Advice; and (as you uſe) without a Fee.
F. [d] I'd write no more.
P. Not write? but then I think,
[e] And for my ſoul I cannot ſleep a wink.

VER. 7. *Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,*] The delicacy of this does not ſo much lie in the ironical application of it to himſelf, as in its ſeriouſly characteriſing the Perſon to whoſe advice he applies.

VER. 12. *Not write? &c.*] He has omitted the moſt humourous part of the anſwer.

Peream male, ſi non
Optimum erat,

and has loſt the grace, by not imitating the conciſeneſs, of

verum nequeo dormire,

T. [f] Ter uncti

Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto;

Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.

[g] Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude

Cæsaris invicti res dicere, [h] multa laborum

Praemia laturus.

H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires

Deficiunt: [i] neque enim quivis *horrentia pilis*

Agmina, nec *fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos*,

Aut *labentis equo* describat vulnera *Parthi*.

T. Attamen et justum poteras et scribere fortem,

Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.

For conciseness, when it is clear (as in this place) gives the highest grace to elegance of expression.---But what follows is as much above the Original, as this falls short of it.

VER 23. *What? like Sir Richard, &c.*] Mr. Molyneux, a great Mathematician and Philosopher, had a high opinion of Sir Richard Blackmore's poetic vein. *All our English poets, except Milton* (says he, in a letter to Mr. Locke) *have been mere*

od in company, I wake at night,
ols ruſh into my head, and ſo I write.
F. You could not do a worſe thing for your life.
hy, if the nights ſeem tedious—take a wife:
Or rather truly, if your point be reſt,
ttuce and cowſlip-wine; *Probatum eſt.*
t talk with Celſus, Celſus will adviſe
rtſhorn, or ſomething that ſhall cloſe your eyes.
)r, if you needs muſt write, write CÆSAR's Praiſe,
'ou'll gain at leaſt a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.
P. What? like Sir [1] Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce.
ith ARMS, and GEORGE and BRUNSWICK crowd the verſe,
nd with tremendous ſound your ears aſunder,
ith Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuſs, and Thunder?
nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and force,
int Angels trembling round his falling Horſe?
F. [k] Then all your Muſe's ſofter art diſplay,
t CAROLINA ſmooth the tuneful lay,

id-makers in compariſon of him. And Mr. Locke, in anſwer his obſervation, replies, *I find with pleaſure, a ſtrange bar- throughout, between your Thoughts and mine.* Juſt ſo a an lawyer, and a Greek Hiſtorian, thought of the poetry Cicero. But theſe being judgments made by men out of r own profeſſion, are little regarded. And Pope and Ju- l will make Blackmore and Tully paſs for Poetaſters to world's end.

ER. 28. *falling Horſe?*] The horſe on which his Majeſty

H. Haud mihi deero,
Cum res ipſa feret: [l] niſi *dextro tempore*, Fl
Verba per attentam non ibunt *Cæſaris* auren
Cui male ſi palpere, recalcitrat undique tutu
T. [m] Quanto rectius hoc, quam triſti lædere
Pantolabum ſcurram, Nomentanumve nepot
[n] Cum ſibi quiſque timet, quamquam eſt *in*
odit.
H. [o] Quid faciam? ſaltat Milonius, ut ſeme
Acceſſit fervor capiti, numeruſque lucernis.
[p] Caſtor gaudet equis; *ovo prognatus eodem*,
Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem ſtudi
Millia. [q] me pedibus delectat claudere verb

charged at the battle of Oudenard; when the
and the Princes of the blood of France, fled befor

VER. 39. *Abuſe the City's* beſt good men *in* metr
good Man, a City phraſe for the *richeſt*. *Metre*---not
purely to help the verſe, but to ſhew what it is
eſteems the greateſt aggravation of the offence.

VER. 41. *What ſhould ail them?*] Horace hints
ſon, *that each fears his own turn may be next*; hi
gives *another*, and with more art, a reaſon which
that his very lenity, in uſing feigned names, inc
number of his Enemies.

VER. 50. *Like in all elſe, as one Egg to another.*
neither the juſtneſs nor elegance of

ovo prognatus eodem.

Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the Nine,
And ſweetly flow thro' all the Royal Line.
P. [l] Alas! few verſes touch their nicer ear;
They ſcarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year;
And juſtly CAESAR ſcorns the Poet's lays,
It is to *Hiſtory* he truſts for Praiſe.
F. [m] Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it ſtill,
Than ridicule all Taſte, blaſpheme Quadrille,
Abuſe the City's beſt good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their truſt in Peter.
[n] Ev'n thoſe you touch not, hate you.
P. What ſhould ail them?
F. A hundred ſmart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer ſtill you name, you wound the more:
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a ſcore.
P. [o] Each mortal has his pleaſure: none deny
Scarſdale his Bottle, Darty his Ham-pye;
Ridotta ſips and dances, till ſhe ſee
The doubling Luſtres dance as faſt as ſhe;
[p] F—loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all elſe, as one Egg to another,
[q] I love to pour out all myſelf, as plain
As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montagne:

For tho' it may appear odd, that thoſe *who come from the ſame Egg* ſhould have tempers and purſuits directly contrary; yet there is nothing ſtrange, that two Brothers, *alike in all things elſe*, ſhould have different amuſements.

VER. 52. *As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne:*] They had this, indeed, in common, to uſe great liberties of ſpeech, and to profeſs ſaying what they thought. Montagne had *many*

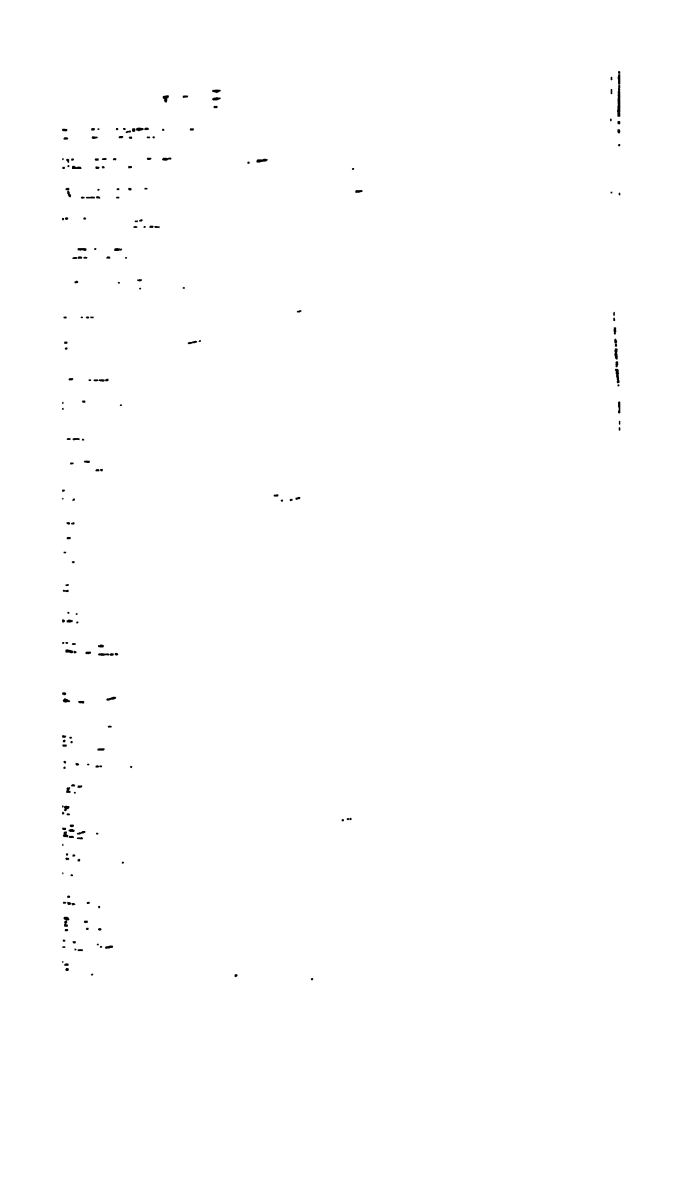
Lucili ritu, noſtrûm melioris utroque.
Ille velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque, ſi male geſſerat, uſq
Decurrens alio, neque ſi bene: quo fit, ut oı
Votiva pateat veluti deſcripta tabella
Vita ſenis. ſequor hunc, [r] Lucanus an A
anceps:
[Nam Venuſinus arat finem ſub utrumque col
Miſſus ad hoc, pulſis (vetus eſt ut fama) Sabel
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hoſtis
Sive quod Appula gens, ſeu quod Lucania be
Incuteret violenta.] [s] ſed hic ſtylus haud petei
Quemquam animantem, et me veluti cuſtodie
Vagina tectus, quem cur deſtringere coner,

qualities, that had gained him the love and eſteem Readers: The other had *one*, which always gained favourable attention of his Hearers. For as a ce Roman Orator obſerves. "Maledicit INERUDITUS "et ſæpius, cum periculo etiam ſuo. Affert et "OPINIONEM, quia libentiſſime homines audiunt "dicere *ipſi* noluiſſent."

VER. 56. *the medium muſt be clear.*] Alluſion to a f of limpid water, thro' which the contents of the bot diſcovered. This thought aſſiſted him in the eaſy anc change of the metaphor in the following line.

VER. 63. *My head and heart thus flowing thro' my qu* ſerior to the Original:

Ille velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim
Credebat libris, etc.



[t] Tutus ab infeſtis latronibus? [u] O pater et r

Jupiter, ut pereat poſitum rubigine telum,

Nec quiſquam noceat [w] cupido mihi pacis! a

Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clam

[x] Flebit, et inſignis tota cantabitur urbe.

this his *natural* weapon, *Satire*, he ſhews its moral
was to oppoſe to the noxious qualities which nat
given Cervius for *informing*, Canidia for *poiſoning*, an
for *paſſing ſentence*. The turn of this ludicrous arg
tion is fine and delicate; and we find his Imitator
whole force of it.

VER. 71. *I only wear it in a land of Heſtors, etc*
rior to,

tutus ab infeſtis latronibus,

which only carries on the metaphor in

enſis
Vagina tectus,

whereas the imitation does more; for, along with t
pher, it conveys the image of the ſubject, by preſe
reader with the ſeveral objects of ſatire.

I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers and Directors.
Save but our *Army!* and let Jove incruſt
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlaſting ruſt!
Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more:
But touch me, and no minister ſo ſore.
Whoe'er offends, at ſome unlucky time
Slides into verſe, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
And the ſad burthen of ſome merry ſong.

VER. 72. *Thieves, Supercargoes,*] The names, at that time, uſually beſtowed on thoſe whom the trading Companies ſent with their Ships, and intruſted with their concerns, abroad.

VER. 73. *Save but our Army, etc.*] "Une maladie nouvelle (ſays the admirable Author *de L'eſprit de Loix*) s'eſt répandue en Europe; elle a ſaiſi nos Princes, et leur fait entretenir un nombre deſordonné de Troupes. Elle a ſes redoublemens, et elle devient *neceſſairement contagieuſe*. Car ſi-tot qu'un Etat augmentent ce qu'il appelle ſes Troupes, les autres ſoudain augmentent les leurs, de façon qu'on ne gagne rien par-là que la Ruïne commune. Chaque Monarque tient ſur pied toutes les Armées qu'il pourroit avoir ſi ſes Peuples étoient en danger d'être exterminés; et *on nomme Paix cet état d'effort de tous contre tous.* Auſſi l'Europe eſt-elle ſi ruïnée, que les particuliers, qui ſeroient dans la ſituation où ſont le trois Puiſſances de cette partie du monde les plus opulentes, n'auroient pas de quoi vivre. Nous ſommes pauvres avec les Richeſſes & le commerce de tout l'Univers; & bientôt, à force d'avoir des Soldats, nous n'aurons plus que des Soldats, & nous ſerons comme des Tartares."

[y] Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;
Canidia Albuti, quibus eſt inimica, venenum;
Grande malum Turius, ſi quid ſe judice certes:
[z] Ut, quo quiſque valet, ſuſpectos terreat, utqu
Imperet hoc Natura potens, ſic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, niſi inti
Monſtratum? [a] Scaevae vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem; nil faciet ſceleris pia dextra (mirum?
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente
bos)
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.
[b] Ne longum faciam: ſeu me tranquilla ſenect
Exſpectat, ſeu mors atris circumvolat alis;
Dives, inops; Romae, ſeu fors ita juſſerit, exſu

VER. 81---84. *Slander--libell'd by her hate.*] There
to be more ſpirit here than in the original. But it is ha
pronounce with certainty. For tho' one may be con
there is more force in the 83d and 84th lines than in

Canidia Albuti, quibus eſt inimica, venenum;

yet there might be ſomething, for ought we know, i
Character or Hiſtory of *Cervius*, which might bring up
line to the ſpirit and poignancy of the 82d verſe of the
tation.

[y] Slander or Poiſon dread from Delia's rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.
From furious Sappho ſcarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
[z] Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and Aſſes lift their heels;
'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not ſtung by Pug.
[a] So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poiſon you, they'll only cheat.
[b] Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter ſhort)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
Whether Old age, with faint but chearful ray,
Attends to gild the Evening of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be diſplay'd,
To wrap me in the univerſal ſhade;

VER. 84---90. *It's proper power to hurt, etc.*] All, except the two laſt lines, inferior to the elegance and preciſion of the Original.

VER. 93---96. *Whether old age---ſhade*] The Original is more finiſhed, and even ſublime. Beſides, the laſt verſe---*To wrap me in the univerſal ſhade*, has a languor and redundancy unuſual with our author.

[c] Quiſquis erit vitae, ſcribam, color.

T. [d] O puer, ut ſis
Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.

H. [e] Quid? cum eſt Lucilius auſus
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
[f] *Detrahere et pellem, nitidus* qua quiſque per ora
Cederet, *introrſum turpis*; num Laelius, et qui
Duxit ab oppreſſa meritum Carthagine nomen,

VER. 97. *Whether the darken'd room---Or whiten'd wall*] This is only a wanton joke upon the terms of his Origin
Quiſquis erit vitae color.

VER. 104. *Will club their Teſters, &c.*] The image is exce ing humorous, and, at the ſame time, betrays the injuſtice their reſentment in the very circumſtance of their indulg it; as it ſhews the Poet had ſaid no more of their avari than what was true. Our Author's abundance of Wit made his readers backward in acknowledging his talent Humour. But the veins are equally rich; and the one flo with eaſe, and the other is always placed with propriet

VER. 105---120. *What? urmil for Virtue, etc.*] This not only ſuperior to Horace, but equal to any thing in himſ

VER. 110. *Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Law*] Becauſe juſt *Satire* is an uſeful ſupplement to the ſanctions *Law* and *Religion*; and has, therefore, a claim to the protect of thoſe who preſide in the adminiſtration either of chu or ſtate.

Whether the darken'd room to muſe invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the ſkew'r to write:
In durance exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
[c] Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.
F. [d] Alas young man! your days can ne'er be long,
In flow'r of age you periſh for a ſong!
Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
Will club their Teſters, now, to take your life!
P. [e] What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of ſhameleſs guilty men;
Daſh the proud Gameſter in his gilded Car;
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a *Star*;
Can there be wanting, to defend Her cauſe,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could penſion'd Boileau laſh in honeſt ſtrain
Flatt'rers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not [f] ſtrip the gilding off a Knave,
Unplac'd, unpenſion'd, no man's heir, or ſlave?

VER. 111. *Could penſion'd Boileau---Could Laureat Dryden*] It was Horace's purpoſe to compliment the former times, and therefore he gives the virtuous examples of Scipio and Lælius; it was Mr. Pope's, to ſatirize the preſent, and therefore he gives the vicious examples of Louis, Charles and James. Either way the inſtances are equally pertinent; but in the latter they have rather greater force. Only the line,

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis,

loſes ſomething of its ſpirit in the imitation; for the *amici*, referred to, were Scipio and Lælius.

Ingenio offenſi? aut laeſo doluere Metello,
Famoſiſque Lupo cooperto verſibus? atqui
Primores populi arripuit *populumque* tributim;
Scilicet [g] UNI ÆQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS AMICIS.
[h] Quin ubi ſe a *vulgo* et *ſcena* in *ſecreta* remôrant
Virtus Scipiadae et mitis *ſapientia Laeli*,
Nugari cum illo, et diſcincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, ſoliti.
Quidquid ſum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucilî cenſum, ingeniumque; tamen me
[i] Cum *magnis vixiſſe* invita fatebitur uſque
Invidia; et fragili quaerens illidere dentem,
Offendet ſolido:

VER. 129. *And HE, whoſe lightning, etc.*] Charles Mordaunt Earl of Peterborow, who in the year 1705 took Barcelona and in the winter following with only 280 horſe and 5 foot enterprized and accompliſhed the Conqueſt of Valentia.

VER. 133: *Envy muſt own, etc.*] Horace makes the point of honour to conſiſt ſimply in his living familiarly with Great,

I will, or periſh in the gen'rous cauſe:
Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'ſcape the Laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the World, in credit, to his grave.
[g] To VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS a FRIEND,
The World beſide may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the diſtant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but ſooths my ſleep.
[h] There, my retreat the beſt Companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and Stateſmen out of place.
There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
The Feaſt of Reaſon and the Flow of ſoul:
And He, whoſe lightning pierc'd th'Iberian Lines,
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or tames the Genius of the ſtubborn plain,
Almoſt as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.
[i] *Envy* muſt own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of pleaſure, and no Spy of ſtate,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to ſpread friendſhips, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;

Cum magnis vixiſſe invita fatebitur uſque
Invidia.

Our poet, more nobly, in his living with them on the footing of an honeſt man.—He prided himſelf in this ſuperiority, as appears from the following words, in a letter to Dr. Swift, "To have pleaſed great men, according to Horace, is a "praiſe; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have "diſpleaſed them, is a greater." *Let.* VII. *Jan.* 12, 1723.

[k] niſi quid tu, *docte Tr*
Diſſentis.

T. Equidem nihil hinc diffingere poſſum
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti
Incutiat tibi quid ſanctarum inſcitia legum :
[m] " *Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina,* "
" *Judiciumque.*"

H. Eſto, ſiquis [n] *mala*. ſed *bona* ſi quis
Judice condiderit laudatus CAESARE ? ſi quis
Oppobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipſe ?
T. [o] Solventur riſu tabulæ ; tu miſſus abibis.

VER. 146. *A man was hang'd, &c.*] *Si mala condide*
A great French Lawyer explains this matter very
" L'Ariſtocratie eſt le Gouvernment qui proſcrit les p
" Ouvrages ſatiriques, Les Magiſtrats y ſont de petits
" rains, qui ne ſont pas aſſez grands pour mepriſer les i
" Si dans la Monarchie quelque trait va contre le Mon
" il eſt ſi haut que le trait n'arrive point juſqu' à lu
" Seigneur Ariſtocratique en eſt percé de part en
" Auſſi les *Decemvirs*, qui formoient une Ariſtocratie,
" rent-ils de mort les Ecrits Satiriques." De L'Eſp
Loix, L. xii. c. 13.

VER. 150. *Libels and Satires ! lawleſs things indeed grave Epiſtles, etc.*] The *legal* objection is here more
and decently taken off than in the Orginal. Horace
the force of it with a quibble,

Eſto, ſiquis *mala* ; ſed *bona* ſi quis.

But the Imitator's *grave Epiſtles* ſhew the *ſatire* to be a
reproof, and therefore juſtifiable ; which the *integer*
the Original does not : for however this might plead
tigation of the offence, nothing but their being *gra*
piſtles could juſtify the attack.

VER. 152. F. *Indeed ?*] Hor.

And who unknown defame me, let them be,
Scribblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me.
This is my Plea, on this I reſt my cauſe—
[k] What ſaith my Council, learned in the laws!
F. [l] Your Plea is good; but ſtill I ſay, beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—ſo have a care.
It ſtands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honeſt rhymes;
[m] Conſult the Statute, *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi ſext. or *prim. et quint. Eliz.*
See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it—read.
P. [n] *Libels* and *Satires*! lawleſs things indeed!
But grave *Epiſtles*, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Biſhop write,
Such as Sir ROBERT would approve—
F. Indeed?
The Caſe is alter'd—you may then proceed;
[o] In ſuch a cauſe the Plaintiff will be hiſs'd,
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're diſmiſs'd.

Solventur riſu tabulae.

Some Critics tell us, it is want of taſte to put this line in the mouth of Trebatius. But our Poet confutes this cenſure, by ſhewing how well the ſenſe of it agrees to his Friend's character. The Lawyer is cautious and fearful; but as ſoon as SIR ROBERT, the Patron both of Law and Goſpel, is named as approving them, he changes his note, and, in the language of old Plouden, owns, *the Caſe is altered.* Now was it not as natural, when Horace had given a hint that Auguſtus himſelf ſupported him, for Trebatius, a Court Advocate, who had been long a Client to him and his Uncle, to confeſs *the Caſe was alter'd?*

THE SECOND SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

SATIRA II

[a]QUAE virtus & quanta, boni, ſit vivere par
(Nec meus hic ſermo: ſed quae prae
Oſellus,
Ruſticus, [d] *abnormis* Sapiens, *craſſaque Minerva*,
Diſcite, [e] non inter lances *menſoſque nitentes*;
Cum ſtupet *in vanis aciès fulgoribus*, et cum
Acclinis falſis animus meliora recuſat:
[c] Verum hic *impranſi* mecum diſquirite. Cur h
Dicam, ſi potero. male verum examinat omnis
Corruptus judex. Leporem ſectatus, equove
Laſſus ab indomito; vel (ſi Romana fatigat
Militia aſſuetum graecari) ſeu pila velox,
Molliter auſterum ſtudio fallente laborem;
Seu te diſcus agit, pete cedentem aëra diſco:
Cum labor extulerit faſtidia; ſiccus, inanis,
Sperne *cibum vilem*: niſi Hymettia mella Falern
Ne biberis, diluta. [i] foris eſt promus, et atrum
Defendens piſces hiemat mare: cum ſale panis
Latrantem ſtomachum bene leniet. unde putas
Quî partum? non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, ſed in *teipſo* eſt. tu pulmentaria quaere

VER. 5. *a gilt Buffet's reflected pride---Turns you from Philoſophy aſide*;] More forcibly and happily expreſſed the original *acclinis falſis*; tho' that be very elegant.

SATIRE II.

To Mr. BETHEL.

[a]WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a chearful heart;
[b] (A doctrine ſage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk [c] before we dine.
[c] Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from ſound Philoſophy aſide;
Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear BETHEL's Sermon, one not vers'd in ſchools,
[d] But ſtrong in ſenſe, and wiſe without the rules.
[h] Go work, hunt, exerciſe! (he thus began)
Then ſcorn a homely dinner, if you can.
[i] Your wine lock'd up, your Butler ſtroll'd abroad,
Or fiſh deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd)
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleaſure lies in you, and not the meat.

VER. 9. BETHEL.] The ſame to whom ſeveral of Mr. Pope's letters are addreſſed.

Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque neque o
Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lago
[k] Vix tamen eripiam, posito *pavone*, velis
Hoc potius quam *gallina* tergere palatum;
Corruptus vanis rerum: quia veneat auro
Rara avis, et picta pandat spectacula cauda:
Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. N
ceris ista,
Quam laudas, pluma? coctove num ade
idem?
Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil hac, magis
Imparibus formis deceptum te patet, esto.
Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus an
Captus hiet? pontesne inter jactatus, an am
Ostia sub Tusci? [l] laudas, insane, *trilibrem*
Mullum; in singula quem minuas pulment
est
Ducit te species, video. quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odisse *lupos*? quia scilicet illis
Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve po
Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.
[m] *Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino*
Vellem, ait *Harpyiis* gula digna rapacibus. *A*
[n] Praesentes Austri, coquite horum opsonia
quam

VER. 26. *Hog barbecu'd, etc.*] A West Indian gluttony, a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, a with Madeira wine.

[k] Preach as I pleaſe, I doubt our curious men
Will chuſe a pheaſant ſtill before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold,
[l] Of carps and mullets why prefer the great.
(Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat)
Yet for ſmall Turbots ſuch eſteem profeſs?
Becauſe God made theſe large, the other leſs.
[m] Oldfield with more than Harpy throat endu'd,
Cries "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecu'd!"
Oh blaſt it, * South-winds! till a ſtench exhale
Rank as the ripeneſs of a rabbit's tail.
By what Criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for ſweetneſs, that for ſtink?

VER. 27. * *blaſt it, South-winds!*] This has not the force, nor gives us the pleaſant alluſion in the original, *euripe*.

Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quan
Aegrum sollicitat stomachum; cum *rapula* plenu
Atque acidas mavult *inulas*. ° necdum *omnis* abac
Pauperies epulis regum: nam *vilibus ovis*
Nigrisque est *oleis* hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
Galloni praeconis erat acipensere mensa
Infamis. quid? tum rhombos minus aequora aleba
p Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque *ciconia* nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit *praetorius*. ergo
q Si quis nunc *mergos* suaves edixerit *assos*,
Parebit parvi docilis *Romana juventus*.

r Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello
Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud
Si te alio pravus detorseris. s Avidienus,
t Cui *Canis* ex vero ductum cognomen adhaeret,

VER. 42. *Bedford-head*;] A famous Eating-house.

VER. 43. *Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish*] There is
and humour in *ofenerit* and *parebit*, which the imitation
not reach.

When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,
He finds no reliſh in the ſweeteſt meat,
He calls for ſomething bitter, ſomething ſour,
And the rich feaſt concludes extremely poor:
[s] Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives ſtill we ſee;
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!
[p] The Robin-red-breaſt till of late had reſt,
And children ſacred held a Martin's neſt,
Till Becca-ficos ſold ſo dev'liſh dear
To one that was, or would have been, a Peer.
[t] Let me extol a Cat, on oiſters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live Crawfiſh recommend;
I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.
[r] 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Exceſs and Famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not ſordid; tho' not ſplendid, clean.
[s] Avidien, or his Wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a [t] dog, and her a bitch)

VER. 50. *For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch.*] Our Poet had the art of giving wit and dignity to his Billingſgate, which Horace ſeems not to have learnt.

Quinquennes oleas eſt, et, ſylveſtria corna;
[u] Ac, niſi *mutatum*, parcit defundere *vinum*; et
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
Ille *repotia*, *natalis*, alioſque dierum
[w] *Feſtos* albatus celebret) cornu ipſe bilibri
Caulibus inſtillat, [x] *veteris non parcus aceti*.
Quali igitur victu ſapiens utetur, et horum
Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt.
[y] Mundus erit, qua non offendat ſordibus, atque
In neutram partem cultus miſer. [a] Hic neque *ſervis*
Albuti ſenis exemplo, dum munia didit,
Saevus erit; nec ſi ut ſimplex [b] Naevius, *unctam*
Convivis praebebit *aquam*: vitium hoc quoque magnum.
[c] Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quae quantaque ſecum
Afferat. [d] In primis valeas bene; nam variae res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius eſcae,
Quae ſimplex [e] *olim* tibi ſederit. at ſimul affis
Miſcueris elixa, ſimul conchylia turdis;
Dulcia ſe in bilem vertent, ſtomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. [f] Vides, ut pallidus omnis
Coena deſurgat dubia? quin corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis *animum* quoque praegravat una,
Atque affigit humo *divinae particulam aurae*.

eir preſented partridges, and fruits,
umbly live on rabbits and on roots:
half-pint bottle ſerves them both to dine,
at once their vinegar and wine.
ſome [w] lucky day (as when they found
Bank bill, or heard their ſon was drown'd)
h a feaſt, [x] old vinegar to ſpare,
t two ſouls ſo gen'rous cannot bear:
ho' it ſtink, they drop by drop impart,
wſe the cabage with a bounteous heart.
e knows to live, who keeps the middle ſtate,
either leans on this ſide, nor on that;
ſtops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
, like Albutius, a good cook away;
ts, like [b] Nævius, ev'ry error paſs,
uſty wine, foul cloth, or greaſy glaſs.
ow hear what bleſſings Temperance can bring
ſaid our friend, and what he ſaid I ſing)
Health: the ſtomach (cramm'd from ev'ry diſh,
ıb of boil'd and roaſt, and fleſh and fiſh,
e bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
ll the man is one inteſtine war)
mbers oft [c] the School-boy's ſimple fare,
emp'rate ſleeps, and ſpirits light as air.
ow pale, each Worſhipful and Rev'rend guelt
om a Clergy, or a City feaſt!
life in all that ample body, ſay?
heav'nly particle inſpires the clay?

[g] Alter, ubi dicto citius curata ſopori
Membra dedit, vegetus praeſcripta ad munia ſi
[h] Hic tamen ad melius poterit tranſcurrere
dam;
Sive *diem* feſtum rediens advexerit annus,
Seu recreare volet *tenuatum corpus:* ubique
Accedent anni, et *tractari mollius aetas*
Imbecilla volet. [i] Tibi quidnam accedet ad iſt
Quam puer et validus praeſumis, mollitiem; ſe
Dura valetudo inciderit, ſeu tarda ſenectus?
[k] *Rancidum aprum* antiqui laudabant: non
naſus
Illis nullus erat; ſed, *credo*, hac mente, quod
Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam
Integram edax dominus conſumeret. [l] hos u
inter
Heroas natum tellus me prima tuliſſet.
[m] Das aliquid *famae*, quae *carmine gratior* au
Occupet humanam? grandes rhombi, patinæq

[g] VER. 79, 80. *The Soul ſubſides, and wickedly inclin ſeem but mortal ev'n in ſound Divines.*] Horace was an E an, and laughed at the immortality of the ſoul. He fore deſcribes that languor of the mind proceeding fr temperance, on the idea, and in the terms of Plato,
affigit humo divinae particulam aurae.
To *this* his ridicule is pointed. Our Poet, with p briety and judgment, has turned the ridicule, from trine, which he believed, upon thoſe Preachers of i

ſubſides, and wickedly inclines
but mortal, ev'n in ſound Divines.
norning wings how active ſprings the Mind
ves the load of yeſterday behind?
r ev'ry labour it purſues?
ning to the Poet ev'ry Muſe?
it we may exceed, ſome holy time,
n ſearch of Truth, or ſearch of Rhyme;
ſome juſt indulgence may engage;
e the ſickneſs of long life, Old age;
nting Age what cordial drop remains,
temp'rate Youth the veſſel drains?
fathers prais'd rank Ven'ſon. You ſuppoſe,
young men! our fathers had no noſe.
a Buck was then a week's repaſt,
s their point, I ween, to make it laſt;
as'd to keep it till their friends would come,
t the ſweeteſt by themſelves at home.
ad not I in thoſe good times my birth,
comb-pyes or coxcombs were on earth?
rthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,
ſweeteſt muſic to an honeſt ear;

compotations in Taverns did not edify him: and
ded ſurprizing humour and ſpirit to the eaſy ele-
the Original.

8. *On morning wings, etc.*] Much happier and
an the original.

6. *Or tir'd in ſearch of Truth, or ſearch of Rhyme.*] A
ale on the extravagance of human purſuits; where
trifling and moſt important concerns of life ſucceed
er, indifferently.

Grande ferunt una [n] cum *damno dedecus*. adde
[o] Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
Et fruſtra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
[p] As, *laquei* pretium.

[q] Jure, inquit, Trauſius iſtis
Jurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,
Divitiaſque habeo tribus amplas regibus. [r] Ergo
Quod *ſuperat*, non eſt *melius quo* inſumere poſſis,
Cur eget indignus *quiſquam*, te divite? quare
[s] *Templa* ruunt *antiqua* Deûm? *cur*, improbe, c
Non aliquid *patriae* tanto emetiris acervo?
Uni nimirum tibi recte ſemper erunt res?

VER. 117, 118. *Oh Impudence of wealth! with all th
How dar'ſt thou let one worthy man be poor?*]

Cur eget indignus quiſquam, te divite?

is here admirably paraphraſed. And it is obſervable i
Imitations, that where our Poet keeps to the ſentime
Horace, he rather piques himſelf in excelling the m
niſhed touches of his Original, than in correcting c
proving the more inferior parts. Of this elegance of
tion all his Writings bear ſuch marks, that it gave c
nance to an invidious imputation, as if his chief tale
in copying finely. But if ever there was an inventi
nius in Poetry it was Pope's. But his fancy was
rected by his judgment, and his imitation ſo ſpirited
genius, that what he *improved* ſtruck the vulgar eye
ſtrongly than what he *invented*.

VER. 122. *As M**o's was, etc.*] I think this light ſt
ſatire ill placed; and hurts the dignity of the precedi
rality. Horace was very ſerious, and properly ſo, wh
ſaid,

cur, Improbe! carae
Non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo.

He remembered, and hints with juſt indignation, a
luxurious Patricians of his old party; who, when th

(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a ſong)
Who has not learn'd, [n] freſh ſturgeon and ham-pye
Are no rewards for want, and infamy!
When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy [o] neighbours, thy truſtees, thyſelf,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a ſhame,
Think how poſterity will treat thy name;
And [p] buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou haſt at leaſt beſtow'd one penny well.
[q] "Right, cries his Lordſhip, for a rogue in need
"To have a taſte is inſolence indeed:
"In me 'tis noble, ſuits my birth and ſtate,
"My wealth unwieldy, [r] and my heap too great."
Then, like the Sun, let Bounty ſpread her ray,
And ſhine that ſuperfluity away.
Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy ſtore,
How dar'ſt thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the [s] new built churches round thee fall?
Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair White-hall:
Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.

agreed to eſtabliſh a fund in the cauſe of Freedom, under the conduct of Brutus, could never be perſuaded to withdraw from their expenſive pleaſures what was ſufficient for the ſupport of ſo great a cauſe. He had prepared his apology for this liberty, in the preceding line, where he pays a fine compliment to Auguſtus:

quare
Templa ruunt antiqua Deûm?

which oblique Panegyric the Imitator has very properly turned into a juſt ſtroke of ſatire.

[t] O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uterne

[u] Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic, qui

Pluribus assuêrit mentem corpusque superbum;

An qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri,

In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?

[w] Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego p

Ofellum

Integris opibus novi non latius usum,

Quam nunc [x] *accisis*. Videas, *metato* in agello

Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum

Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta

Quidquam, praeter [y] *olus* fumosae cum pede p

Ac mihi seu [z] *longum post tempus* venerat hospes,

Sive *operum vacuo* gratus conviva per imbrem

Vicinus; bene erat, non *piscibus* urbe petitis,

Sed *pullo* atque *hcedo*: tum [a] *pensilis uva* secund

[t] Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jeſt for all mankind.
And [u] who ſtands ſafeſt? tell me, is it he
That ſpreads and ſwells in puff'd Proſperity,
Or bleſt with little, whoſe preventing care
In peace provides fit arms againſt a war?
[v] Thus BETHEL ſpoke, who always ſpeaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the Man.
In South-ſea days not happier, when ſurmis'd
The Lord of Thouſands, than if now [x] *Excis'd*;
In foreſt planted by a Father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little I can piddle here
On [y] brocoli and mutton, round the year;
But [z] ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no [a] Turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:

Et *nux* ornabat menſas, cum *duplice ficu.*

Poſt hoc ludus erat [b] cuppa potare magiſtra:

Ac *venerata Ceres,* ita culmo ſurgeret alto,

Explicuit vino contractae ſeria frontis.

Saeviat atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultu

Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto *aut ego* p

aut vos,

O pueri, nituiſtis, ut hoc [d] *novus incola* venit?

Nam [e] *propriae telluris* herum natura neque illu

Nec me, nec quemquam ſtatuit. nos expulit ill

unflow heath I point and Banſted-down,
: comes your mutton, and theſe chicks my
own :
yon old walnut-tree a ſhow'r ſhall fall ;
apes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
s from ſtandard and eſpalier join ;
v'l is in you if you cannot dine :
chearful healths (your Miſtreſs ſhall have place)
hat's more rare, a Poet ſhall ſay Grace.
ane not much of humbling me can boaſt :
ouble tax'd, how little have I loſt ?
e's amuſements have been juſt the ſame,
and after [d] Standing Armies came.
ds are ſold, my father's houſe is gone ;
another's ; is not that my own,
urs, my friends ? thro' whoſe free-op'ning gate
omes too early, none departs too late ;
who hold ſage Homer's rule the beſt,
ne the coming, ſpeed the going gueſt.)
heav'n it laſt ! (cries SWIFT !) as you go on ;
h to God this houſe had been your own :
! to build, without a ſon or wife ;
', you'll enjoy it only all your life."
f the uſe be mine, can it concern one,
:r the name belong to Pope or Vernon ?
[e] *Property ?* dear Swift ! you ſee it alter
ou to me, from me to [f] Peter Walter ;

Illum aut [f] nequities aut [g] *vafri inſcitia juris,*

Poſtremum expellet certe [h] *vivacior heres.*

[i] Nunc ager *Umbreni ſub nomine,* nuper *Oſelli*

Dictus erat: nulli proprius; ſed cedit in uſum

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. [k] quocirca vivite fortes,

Fortiaque adverſis opponite pectora rebus.

VER. 177. *proud Buckingham's, etc.*] Villiers Duke of Buckingham.

VER. 179. *Let lands and houſes, etc.*] The turn of his

n a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's ſhare;
n a jointure, vaniſh from the heir;
pure [f] equity (the caſe not clear)
Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
ſt, it falls to ſome [g] ungracious ſon,
cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
les, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
ne the portion of a booby Lord;
Hemſley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
to a Scriv'ner or a city Knight.
lands and houſes have what lords they will,
's be fix'd, and our own maſters ſtill.

in the concluding part, obliged him to diverſify the
ent. They are equally noble; but Horace's is ex-
with the greater force.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTOLA

PRIMA dicte mihi, ſumma dicende car

[b] Spectatum ſatis, et donatum jam rude,

Maecenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludc

Non eadem eſt aetas, non mens. [c] Veianius,

[d] Herculis ad poſtem fixis, latet abditus agrc

Ne populum [e] extrema toties exoret arena.

[f] Eſt mihi purgatam crebro qui perſonet ar

Solve [g] ſeneſcentem mature ſanus equum, ne

Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.

Nunc itaque et [h] verſus, et *caetera ludicra* po

VER. 16. *You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayc* The fame of this heavy Poet, however problema where, was univerſally received in the City of His verſification is here exactly deſcribed: ſtiff,

EPISTLE I.

To L. BOLINGBROKE.

T. JOHN, whoſe love indulg'd my labours paſt,
Matures my preſent, and ſhall bound my laſt!
hy [b] will you break the Sabbath of my days?
ow ſick alike of Envy and of Praiſe.
blic too long, ah let me hide my Age!
e Modeſt [c] Cibber now has left the Stage:
ır Gen'rals now, [d] retired to their Eſtates,
ang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
Life's cool Ev'ning ſatiate of Applauſe,
or [e] fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cauſe.
[f] A voice there is, that whiſpers in my ear,
'Tis Reaſon's voice, which ſometimes one can hear)
Friend Pope! be prudent, let your [g] Muſe take
" breath,
And never gallop Pegaſus to death;
Leſt ſtiff, and ſtately, void of fire or force,
You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's
" horſe."
Farewell then [h] Verſe and Love, and ev'ry Toy,
he Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;

ong; ſtately and yet dull, like the ſober and ſlow-paced
imal generally employed to mount the Lord Mayor: and
refore here humorouſly oppoſed to Pegaſus.

[t] *Reſtat*, ut his ego me ipſe regam [u] ſolerque elementis:

[w] Non poſſis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia deſperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodoſa corpus nolis prohibere cheragra.
Eſt quadam prodire [x] tenus, ſi non datur ultra.

[y] Fervet avaritia, miſeroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt *verba* et *voces*, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Poſſis, et [z] magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes? ſunt [a] certa *piacula*, quae te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

[b] Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinoſus, [c] *amator*;
Nemo [d] adeo *ferus* eſt, ut non mitescere poſſit,
Si modo culturae patientem commodet aurem.

[e] Virtus eſt, vitium fugere; et ſapientia prima,
Stultitia caruiſſe. vides, quae [f] maxima credis
Eſſe mala, exiguum cenſum, turpemque repulſam,
Quanto devites animi capitiſque labore.
Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,

VER. 58. *Between the fits*---] The ſenſe of
magnam morbi deponere partem
is here very happily expreſſed. And
Ter pure lecto, etc.

as it is, I put myſelf to ſchool,
ſome [u] comfort, not to be a fool.
ho' I am of limb, and ſhort of Sight,
a Lynx, and not a Giant quite;
at Mead and Cheſelden adviſe,
theſe limbs, and to preſerve theſe eyes.
go back, is ſomewhat to advance,
muſt walk at leaſt before they dance.
oes thy [y] blood rebel, thy boſom move
tched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
re are Words and Spells, which can controll
n the Fits this Fever of the ſoul:
ere are Rhymes, which [a] freſh and freſh ap-
y'd
the arrant'ſt Puppy of his Pride.
ous, envious, ſlothful, mad, or drunk,
a Wife, or Vaſſal to a Punk,
a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch [d] Bear;
we aſk is but a patient Ear.
the firſt Virtue, Vices to abhor;
firſt Wiſdom, to be Fool no more.
e world no [f] bugbear is ſo great,
of figure, and a ſmall Eſtate.

wing line, as happily varied. But the whole paſ-
h deſcribes the uſe and efficacy of ſatire, is admi-
ted.

Per [g] mare *pauperiem* fugiens, per ſaxa, per ignes:
Ne cures [h] ea, quae *ſtulte* miraris et optas,
Diſcere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax
Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui ſpes,
Cui ſit conditio dulcis ſine pulvere palmae?
" [i] Vilius eſt auro argentum, virtutibus aurum,
" [k] O cives, cives! quaerenda pecunia primum eſt;
Virtus poſt nummos: haec [l] *Janus ſummus* ab *imo*
Prodocet: haec recinunt juvenes dictata ſeneſque,
[m] Lævo ſuſpenſi loculos tabulamque lacerto.

VER. 70. *Scar'd at the ſpectre of pale Poverty!* Tho' this ha all the ſpirit, it has not all the imagery of the Original where Horace makes Poverty purſue, and keep pace with th miſer in his flight.

Per mare pauperiem fugiens, per ſaxa, per ignes.

But what follows,

Wilt thou do nothing, etc.

far ſurpaſſes the Original.

VER. 77. *Here wiſdom calls, etc.*] All from hence to ve 110, is a pretty cloſe tranſlation: but in general done wi ſo maſterly a ſpirit, that the Original, tho' one of the mo finiſhed paſſages in Horace, looks only like the *imitation* of i

VER. 78. *As gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold.*] This perha is the moſt faulty line in the whole collection. The Original i

Vilius eſt auro argentum, virtutibus aurum.

which only ſays, *that as ſilver is of leſs value than gold, ſo Gold of leſs value than Virtue:* in which *ſimple inferiority*, and not th *proportion* of it, is implied. For it was as contrary to the Au thor's purpoſe, as it is to common ſenſe, to ſuppoſe, that Vi tue was but juſt as much better than gold, as gold is bett than ſilver. Yet Mr. Pope, too attentive to his conſtant objec

idia ſee the Merchant fly,
e ſpectre of pale Poverty!
th pains of body, pangs of ſoul,
h the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
o nothing for a nobler end,
› make Philoſophy thy friend?
fooliſh views, thy long deſires,
thy heart of all that it admires?
dom calls: [i] "Seek Virtue firſt, be bold!
to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."
don's voice, [k] "Get Money, Money ſtill!
ı let Virtue follow, if ſhe will."
he ſaving doctrine, preach'd to all,
St. James's up to high St. Paul;
whoſe [m] quills ſtand quiver'd at his ear,
o notches ſticks at Weſtminſter.

s, before he was aware, fallen into this abſurd

From low St. James's up to high St. Paul,] i. e. trine in which both Whigs and Tories agree.

From him whoſe quills ſtand quiver'd at his ear,] › not take the delicacy of this ſatire, may think *ſtanding quiver'd*, extremely hard and quaint; ı exquiſite beauty, inſinuating that the pen of a as ready as the quill of a porcupine, and as fatal of a Parthian.—*Quiver'd at his ear*, which de- ıction it is uſually found in, alludes to the cuſtom ican canibals, who make uſe of their hair (tied the top of their heads) for a quiver for their vs.

notches ſticks] Exchequer Tallies.

Eſt [n] animus tibi, ſunt mores, eſt lingua fideſque

Sed quadringentis ſex ſeptem millia deſint,

[o] *Plebs* eris. [p] at pueri ludentes, *Rex* eris, aiun

Si recte facies. Hic [q] *murus aheneus eſto,*

Nil *conſcire* ſibi, nulla pallescere culpa.

[r] Roſcia, dic ſodes, melior lex, an puerorum

Naenia, quae regnum recte facientibus offert,

Et *maribus* [s] *Curiis* et decantata *Camillis ?*

[t] Iſne tibi melius ſuadet, qui, " Rem facias ; r

VER. 95 *Be this thy Screen, and this thy Wall of Braſs*
Hic murus aheneus eſto.

Dacier laughs at an able Critic, who was ſcandalized, th antient Scholiaſts had not explained what Horace mean *wall of braſs* ; for ſays Dacier, " Chacun ſe fait des diff " à ſa mode, & demande des remarques proportionn " goût :" he then ſets himſelf in good earneſt ab

nard [n] in ſpirit, ſenſe, and truth abounds; 85
y then, what wants he?" Fourſcore thouſand
ounds;
ſion, or ſuch Harneſs for a ſlave
g now has, and Dorimant would have.
d, thou art a [o] Cit, with all thy worth;
ıg and D*l, Their *Honours*, and ſo forth. 90
ev'ry [p] child another ſong will ſing,
ıue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
conſcious Honour is to feel no ſin,
rm'd without that's innocent within;
thy [q] Screen, and this thy Wall of Braſs; 95
ır'd to this a Miniſter's an Aſs.
ıd ſay, to which ſhall our applauſe belong,
ew Court jargon, or the good old ſong?
odern language of corrupted Peers,
ıt was ſpoke at [r] CRESSY and POITIERS? 100
counſels beſt? who whiſpers, "Be but great,
ı Praiſe or Infamy leave that to fate;

ıt inquiry: and, by a paſſage in Vegetius, luckily
ı, that it ſignified an *old veteran* armed cap-a-pie in
.ACED TO COVER HIS FELLOW. Our Poet has
erved himſelf of this impertinence to convey a very
te of ſatire.

97. *And ſay, etc.*] Theſe four lines greatly ſuperior
hing in the Original.

" Si poſſis, recte; ſi non, quocunque modo rem."

Ut [u] propius ſpectes lacrymoſa poëmata Pupi!

An, [w] qui fortunae te reſponſare ſuperbae

Liberum et erectum, [x] *praeſens* hortatur et aptat?

[y] Quod ſi me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur

Non, ut [z] porticibus, ſic judiciis fruar iſdem;

Nec ſequar aut fugiam, quae diligit ipſe vel odit:

Olim quod [a] vulpes aegroto cauta leoni

Reſpondit, referam: Quia me veſtigia terrent

Omnia te adverſum ſpectantia, nulla retrorſum.

[b] *Belua, multorum es capitum.* nam quid ſequar

aut quem?

VER. 117. *Full many a Beaſt goes in, but none come out.* This expreſſion is uſed for the joke's ſake; but it hurts *moral*; which is, that *they come out beaſts.* He ſhould have ſtuck to the terms of his Original, *veſtigia omnia te verſum ſpectantia.*

VER. 118. *Adieu to Virtue, etc.*] Theſe two lines are

"Get Place and Wealth, if poſſible, with grace;
"If not, by any means get Wealth and Place.
For what? to have a [u] Box where Eunuchs ſing,
And foremoſt in the Circle eye a King.
Or [w] he, who bids thee face with ſteady view
Proud Fortune, and look ſhallow Greatneſs thro':
And, [x] while he bids thee, ſets th' Example too?
If [y] ſuch a Doctrine, in St. James's air,
Shou'd chance to make the well-dreſt Rabble ſtare;
If honeſt S*z take ſcandal at a Spark,
That leſs admires the [z] Palace than the Park:
Faith I ſhall give the anſwer [a] Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave:
"Becauſe I ſee, by all the tracks about,
"Full many a Beaſt goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave:
Send her to Court, you ſend her to her grave.
Well, if a King's a Lion, at the leaſt
The [b] People are a many-headed Beaſt:
Can they direct what meaſures to purſue,
Who know themſelves ſo little what to do?

tended for the application or moral of a fable, which need ed no explaining; ſo that, they impair the *grace* of it, beſt, inferior to his Original. For Horace ſpeaks of th common people, *Populus Romanus*, to whom one of Æſop' fables was properly addreſſed: but, this is too ſimple method of conveying truth to *the well-dreſt Rabble of S James's*.

Pars Lominum geſtit [c] conducere *publica*: ſunt qui

[d] Cruſtis et *ponis* viduas venentur avaras,

Excipiantque ſenes, quos in vivaria mittant:

[e] *Multis* occulto creſcit res fenore. [f] verum

Eſto, aliis alios rebus ſtudiiſque teneri:

Iidem eadem poſſunt horam durare probantes?

[g] Nullus in orbe ſinus *Baiis* prælucet amœnis,

Si dixit *dives*; [h] lacus et mare *ſentit* amorem

VER. 124. *Alike in nothing but one Luſt of Gold, Juſt half the land would buy, and half be ſold:*] Here the argument ſuffers a little for the ſake of the ſatire. The reaſon why the People ſhould not be followed is becauſe

Belua multorum eſt capitum. nam quid ſequar, aut quem? they are ſo divers in their purſuits (ſays Horace) that one cannot follow this man without being condemned by that. The imitator ſays, they all go on one common principle, *the luſt of*

Alike in nothing but one Luſt of Gold,
Juſt half the land would buy, and half be ſold:
Their [c] Country's wealth our mightier Miſers drain,
Or croſs, to plunder Provinces, the Main;
The reſt, ſome farm the Poor-box, ſome the Pews;
Some keep Aſſemblies, and would keep the Stews;
Some [d] with fat Bucks on childleſs dotards fawn;
Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;
While with the ſilent growth of ten per cent,
In dirt and darkneſs, [e] hundreds ſtink content.
Of all theſe ways, if each [f] purſues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But ſhew me one who has it in his pow'r
To act conſiſtent with himſelf an hour.
Sir Job [g] ſail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and ſtill,
"No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"
[h] Up ſtarts a Palace, lo, th' obedient baſe
Slopes at its foot, the woods its ſides embrace,
The ſilver Thames reflects its marble face,

gold. This inaccuracy, tho' Horace has a little of it, yet he has however artfully diſguiſed it, by ſpeaking of the various objects of this one Paſſion, *avarice*, as of ſo many various paſſions,

Pars hominum geſtit conducere publica: ſunt qui, etc.
Cruſtis et pomis
Multis occulto, etc.

but his imitator has unwarily drawn them to a point, by the introductory addition of the two lines above,

Alike in nothing, etc.

Feſtinantis heri: cui ſi [l] vitioſa *libido*

Fecerit auſpicium; cras ferramenta *Teanum*

Tolletis, fabri. [k] lectus genialis in aula eſt?

Nil ait eſſe prius, melius nil coelibe vita:

[l] Si non eſt, jurat bene ſolis eſſe maritis.

[m] Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?

Quid [n] *pauper?* ride: mutat [o] *coenacula, lectos,*

Balnea, [p] *tonſores*; conducto navigio aeque

Nauſeat, ac locuples quem ducit priva triremis.

[q] Si curatus *inaequali* tonſore capillos

VER. 143. *Now let ſome wabiſh, etc.*] This is very ſpirited but much inferior to the elegance of the original,

Cui ſi vitioſa Libido
Fecerit auſpicium

which alluding to the religious manners of that time, modern imitation can reach.

Now let ſome whimſy, or that ¹ Dev'l within
Which guides all thoſe who know not what they mean,
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) ſpleen;
'Away, away! take all your ſcaffolds down,
'For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in Town."
At am'rous Flavio is the [k] ſtocken thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
The Fool, whoſe Wife elopes ſome thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial ſolace dies a martyr.
Did ever [m] Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themſelves ſo ſtrangely as the Rich?
Well, but the [n] Poor—The Poor have the ſame itch;
They change their [o] weekly Barber, weekly News,
Prefer a new Japanner, to their ſhoes,
Diſcharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a Chaiſe and one;
They [p] hire their ſculler, and when once aboard,
Grow ſick, and damn the climate—like a Lord.
[q] You laugh, half Beau, half Sloven if I ſtand,
My wig all powder, and all ſnuff my band;

VER. 155. *They change their weekly Barber, etc.*] Theſe fix ues much more ſpirited than the original. In Horace, the ople's inconſtancy of temper is ſatirized only in a ſimple poſure of the caſe. Here the ridicule on the folly is ightened by an humourous picture of the various objects that inconſtancy.

Occurro; rides. ſi forte ſubucula pexae
Trita ſubeſt tunicae, vel ſi toga *diſſidet impar*;
Rides. quid, [r] mea cum pugnat *ſententia* ſecum;
Quod petiit, ſpernit; repetit quod nuper omiſit;
[s] Aeſtuat, et vitae diſconvenit ordine toto;
[t] Diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
[u] Inſanire putas ſolennia me, neque rides,
Nec [w] *medici* credis, nec *curatoris* egere
A *praetore* dati; rerum [x] tutela mearum
Cum ſis, et prave ſectum ſtomacheris ob unguem,
De te *pendentis*, *te reſpicientis* amici.

Ad ſummam, *ſapiens* uno [y] minor eſt *Jove*, dives
[z] Liber, [a] honoratus, [b] pulcher, [c] rex denique regum
Praecipue ſanus, [e] niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt.

VER. 182. *when plunder'd,*] *i. e.* By the public; which ha rarely her revenge on her plunderers; and when ſhe ha more rarely knows how to uſe it.

, if coat and breeches ſtrangely vary,
ves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
no Prelate's Lawn with hair-ſhirt lin'd,
ncoherent as my Mind,
h opinion with the next at ſtrife,
and flow of Follies all my life)
ot up; I build, and then confound;
d to ſquare, and ſquare again to round;
r change one muſcle of your face,
this Madneſs but a common caſe,
e to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply;
our lip, to ſee a Seam awry!
w ill I with myſelf agree,
y dreſs, my figure, not to Me.
x Guide, Philoſopher, and Friend?
ho loves me, and who ought to mend;
t to make me (what he can, or none,)
divine whom Wiſdom calls her own;
out Title, without Fortune bleſs'd;
n when plunder'd, z honour'd while op-
ſs'd;
hout youth, and follow'd without power;
tho' exil'd; b free, tho' in the Tower;
hat reas'ning, high, immortal Thing;
han Jove, and d much above a King,
in heav'n—c except (what's mighty odd)
pours clouds this Demy-God?

THE

SIXTH EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

HORACE.

EPISTOLA V

NIL *admirari*, prope res eſt una, Numici,
Solaque quae poſſit facere et ſervare beatu
[b] Hunc ſolem, et ſtellas, & decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, ſunt qui [c] formi line nulla
Imbuti ſpectent. [d] quid cenſes, munera terrae ?
Quid, maris extremos Arabas [e] ditantis et Indos

VER. 3. *dear* MURRAY,] This Piece is the moſt finiſ of all his imitations, and executed in the high manner Italian Painters call *con amore*. By which they mean, exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties on ſtretch, and produces the ſupreme degree of *excellence*. the Poet had all the warmth of affection for the great Law to whom it is addreſſed: and, indeed, no man ever m deſerved to have a *Poet for his friend*. In the obtaining which, as neither Vanity, Party, nor Fear, had any ſhare; he ſupported his title to it by all the offices of true Friendſh

VER. 4. *Creech*] From whoſe tranſlation of Horace two firſt lines are taken.

VER. 6. *ſtars that riſe and fall*,] The original is,

decedentia certis
Tempora momentis

EPISTLE VI.

To Mr. MURRAY.

"NOT to admire, is all the Art I know,
"To make men happy, and to keep them ſo."
(Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow'rs of ſpeech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.)
[b] This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball,
Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that riſe and fall,
There are, my Friend! whoſe philoſophic eyes
Look thro', and truſt the Ruler with his ſkies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view [c] this dreadful All without a fear.
Admire we then what [d] Earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian ſhores, or Indian ſeas infold;
All the mad trade of [e] Fools and Slaves for Gold?

which words ſimply and literally ſignify, *the change of ſeaſons*. But this change being conſidered as an object of admiration, his imitator has judiciouſly expreſſed it in the more ſublime figurative terms of

Stars that riſe and fall.

by whoſe courſes the ſeaſons are marked and diſtinguiſhed.

VER. 8. *truſt the Ruler with his Skies. To him commit the hour,*] Our Author, in theſe imitations, has been all along careful to correct the looſe morals, and abſurd divinity of his Original.

Ludicra, quid, [f] plausus, et amici dona Quiritis?
Quo spectanda modo, [g] quo *sensu* credis et *ore?*
[h] Qui *timet* his adversa, fere miratur eodem
Quo *cupiens* pacto: pavor est *utrobique* molestus:
Improvisa simul species exterret *utrumque:*
[i] Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem,
Si quidquid vidit melius pejusve sua spe,
Defixis oculis animoque et corpore torpet?
[k] Insani sapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui;
Ultra quam satis est, *virtutem* si petat ipsam.
[l] I nunc, argentum et marmor [m] *vetus*, aeraque e

artes

VER. 22. *Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse, Surprin'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.*] The elegance of this is superior to the Original. The *curse* is the *same* (says he) *whether we joy or grieve.* Why so? Because, in either case the man is *surprized*, hurried off, and led away captive.

(The good or bad to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and *snatch the Man away.*)

This happy advantage, in the imitation, arises from the ambiguity of the word *surprize.*

VER. 30. *Procure a* TASTE *to double the surprize.*] This is one of those superior touches that most ennoble a perfect piece. I

Or [f] Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
The Mob's applauſes, or the gifts of Kings?
Say with what [g] eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?
If weak the [h] pleaſure that from theſe can ſpring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we deſire,
In either caſe, believe me, we admire;
Whether we [i] joy or grieve, the ſame the curſe,
Surpriz'd at better, or ſurpriz'd at worſe.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and ſnatch the Man away;
For [k] Virtue's ſelf may too much zeal be had;
The worſt of Madmen is a Saint run mad.
[l] Go then, and if you can, admire the ſtate
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a TASTE to double the ſurprize,
And gaze on [m] Parian Charms with learned eyes:

ſpeaks here of *falſe taſte*, as appears by his directions how to get it, and how to uſe it when got. *Procure a taſte*, ſays he. That is, of the Virtuoſi; whoſe ſcience you are to *buy* for that purpoſe: for *true taſte*, which is from nature, comes of itſelf. And how are you to uſe it? Not to cure you of that bane of life, *admiration*, but to raiſe and inflame it, by *doubling your ſurprize*. And this a *falſe taſte* will always do; there being none ſo given to raptures as the *Virtuoſo-Tribe*: whereas the *Man of true taſte* finds but few things to approve: and thoſe he approves with moderation.

Suſpice: cum gemmis [n] Tyrios mirare colores:
Gaude, quod ſpectant oculi te mille loquentem:
Gnavus [p] mane forum, et veſpertinus pete tectum;
[q] Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris
Mutus et (indignum; quod ſit pejoribus ortus)
[r] Hic tibi ſit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.
[s] Quicquid ſub terra eſt, in apricum proferet aetas;
Defodiet condetque nitentia. [t] cum bene notum
Porticus Agrippae, et via te conſpexerit Appî:
Ire tamen reſtat, Numa [u] quo devenit et Ancus.

[w] Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,

VER. 53. TULLY, HYDE,] Equal to either, in the miniſtry of his profeſſion; and ſuperior to both where the parallel fails: TULLY's brighteſt talents were frequently tarniſhed by *Vanity* and *Fear*; and HYDE's moſt virtuous purpoſes perverted and defeated by ſuperſtitious notions concerning the divine origine of Government, and the unlimited obedience of the People.

ſtruck with bright [n] Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
r Birth-day Nobles' ſplendid Livery.
ıot ſo pleas'd, at [o] Council-board rejoice,
ſee their Judgments hang upon thy Voice;
ım [p] morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
ad much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
: wherefore all this labour, all this ſtrife?
[q] Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
ll [r] One whom Nature, Learning, Birth conſpir'd
form, not to admire but be admir'd,
h, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth
ds the rich Dulneſs of ſome Son of earth?
[s] Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
ıighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine:
d what is Fame? the Meaneſt have their day,
e Greateſt can but blaze, and paſs away.
ıc'd as thou art, [t] with all the Pow'r of Words,
known, ſo honour'd, at the Houſe of Lords:
ıſpicuous Scene! another yet is nigh,
ore ſilent far) where Kings and Poets lie;
ere MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)
ll be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE!
Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
l any mortal let himſelf alone?
Waıd by batter'd Beaus invited over,
l deſp'rate Miſery lays hold on Dover.
caſe is eaſier in the Mind's diſeaſe?
re all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they pleaſe.

Quaere fugam morbi. [x] vis recte vivere; quis non?
Si virtus hoc *una* poteſt dare, fortis omiſſis
Hoc age *deliciis*.

[y] virtutem verba putes, et
Lucum ligna? [z] cave ne portus occupet alter:
Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas:
[a] Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro et
Tertia ſuccedant, et quae pars quadret acervum.
Scilicet [b] uxorem *cum dote*, *fidemque*, et [c] *amicos*.
Et *genus*, et *formam*, regina [d] Pecunia donat;
Ac bene nummatum decorat Saudela, Venuſque.
Mancipiis locuples, eget aeris [e] *Cappadocum Rex*
Ne fueris hic tu. [f] chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,

Would ye be [x] bleſt; deſpiſe low Joys, low Gains;
Diſdain whatever CORNBURY diſdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.
[y] But art thou one, whom new opinions ſway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who Virtue and a Church alike diſowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and ſtones?
Fly [z] then, on all the wings of wild deſire,
Admire what'ere the maddeſt can admire:
Is Wealth thy paſſion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian ſpices, for Peruvian Gold,
Prevent the greedy, and out-bid the bold:
[a] Advance thy golden Mountain to the ſkies;
On the broad baſe of fifty thouſand riſe,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a ſquare.
For, mark th' advantage; juſt ſo many ſcore
Will gain a [b] Wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaſte,
And then ſuch [c] Friends—as cannot fail to laſt.
A [d] Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth,
Venus ſhall give him Form, and Anſtis Birth.
(Believe me, many a [e] German Prince is worſe,
Who proud of Pedigree is poor of Purſe)
His Wealth brave [f] Timon glorioufly confounds;
Aſk'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;

Si poſſet centum ſcenae praebere rogatus,
Qui poſſum tot ? ait : tamen et quaeram, et
habebo
Mittam : poſt paulo ſcribit, ſibi millia quinque
Eſſe domi chlamydum : partem, vel tolleret om
[g] Exilis domus eſt, ubi non et multa *ſuperſunt*,
Et *dominum fallunt*, et *proſunt furibus*. [h] ergo,
Si res ſola poteſt facere et ſervare beatum,
Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc poſtremus omitta
[i] Si fortunatum ſpecies et gratia praeſtat,
[k] *Mercemur* ſervum, qui dictet nomina, laevum
Qui fodicet latus, et [l] cogat trans pondera dext
Porrigere : [m] Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille *Vi*
Cui libet, is faſces dabit ; eripietque curule,
Cui volet, *importunus* ebur : [n] Frater, Pater, ad
Ut cuique eſt aetas, ita quemque [o] *facetus* adopt
Si [p] bene qui coenat, bene vivit ; lucet : eamus

hree Ladies like a luckleſs Play,
he whole Houſe upon the Poet's day.
, in ſuch exigencies not to need,
ny word, you muſt be rich indeed;
er ſuperfluity it craves,
r yourſelf but for your Fools and Knaves;
ıing, which for your Honour they may cheat,
hich it much becomes you to forget.
'ealth alone then make and keep us bleſt,
till be getting, never, never reſt.
t if to Pow'r and Place your paſſion lie,
he Pomp of Life conſiſt the joy;
: hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord
the Honours, and to give the Word;
t your Levee, as the Crouds approach,
ıom [l] to nod, whom take into your Coach,
ı honour with your hand: to make remarks,
' rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
is may be troubleſome, is near the Chair:
at makes three Members, this can chuſe a
' May'r."
ted thus, you bow, embrace, proteſt,
: him [n] Son, or Couſin at the leaſt,
turn about, and [o] laugh at your own Jeſt.
if your life be one continu'd Treat,
o live well means nothing but to eat;
ıp! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day.
ive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey;

Quo ducit gula: piſcemur, venemur, ut [q] olim

Gargilius: qui mane plagas, venabula, ſervos,

Differtum tranſire forum populumque jubebat,

Unus ut e multis populo ſpectante referret.

Emtum mulus aprum. [r] crudi, tumidique lavemur,

Quid *deceat*, quid non, obliti; Caerite cera

Digni; [s] *remigium vitioſum* Ithacenſis Ulyſſei;

Cui *potior* [t] *patria* fuit interdicta voluptas.

VER. 127. *Wilmot.*] Earl of Rocheſter.

Ibid. 129. *And* SWIFT *ſay wiſely,* "*Vive la Bagatelle!*"] Our Poet, ſpeaking in one place of the purpoſe of his ſatire, ſays,

In this impartial glaſs, my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my foes, my *friends.*

and, in another, he makes his Court-Adviſer ſay,

Laugh at your *Friends*, and if your *Friends* before,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.

becauſe their impatience under reproof would ſhew, they had a great deal which wanted to be ſet right.

On this principle, *Swift* falls under his correction. He could not bear to ſee a friend he ſo much valued, live in the miſerable abuſe of one of Nature's beſt gifts, unadmoniſhed of his folly. Swift (as we may ſee by ſome poſthumous Volumes, lately publiſhed, ſo diſhonourable and injurious to his memory) trifled away his old age in a diſſipation that women and boys might be aſhamed of. For when men have

h hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite—
l Ruſſel did, but could not eat at night,
l'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
l envy'd Thirſt and Hunger to the Poor.
)r ſhall we [r] ev'ry Decency confound,
ro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnio's take our round,
dine with Chartres, in each Vice out-do
.—l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew,
m Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feaſts,
:urn well travell'd, and transform'd to Beaſts,
for a titled Punk, or foreign Flame,
iounce our [t] Country, and degrade our Name?
'f, after all, we muſt with [u] Wilmot own,
e Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone,

n into a long habit of employing their *wit* only to ſhew r parts, to edge their ſpleen, to pander to a faction; or, hort, to any thing but that for which Nature beſtowed namely, to recommend, and ſet off Truth; old age, ch abates the paſſions, will never rectify the abuſes they ıfioned. But the remains of wit, inſtead of ſeeking and ıvering their proper channel, will run into that miſerable ravity of taſte here condemned: and in which Dr. Swift ıs to have placed no inconſiderable part of his wiſdom. chuſe (ſays he, in a Letter to Mr. Pope) my Companions mongſt thoſe of the leaſt conſequence, and moſt com-liance: I read the moſt trifling Books I can find: and henever I write, it is upon the moſt trifling ſubjects." again, "I love *La Bagatelle* better than ever. I am al-ays writing bad proſe or worſe verſes, either of rage or illery," *etc.* And again, in a letter to Mr. Gay, "My le is, Vive la Bagatelle."

[u] Si, Mimnermus uti cenſet, ſine *amore jociſque*
Nil eſt jucundum; vivas in amore jociſque.

[w] Vive, vale. ſi quid noviſti rectius iſtis,
Candidus imperti; ſi non, his utere mecum.

WIFT cry wiſely, " Vive la 'Bagatelle !"
[an that loves and laughs, muſt ſure do well.
:u—if this advice appear the worſt,
ıke the Counſel which I gave you firſt:
ter Precepts if you can impart,
o, I'll follow them with all my heart.

THE
FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE.

Advertiſement.

THE Reflections of *Horace*, and the Judgments paſt in his Epiſtle to *Auguſtus*, ſeem'd ſo ſeaſonable to the preſent Times, that I could not help applying them to the uſe of my own Country. The Author thought them conſiderable enough to addreſs them to his Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a Monarch, upon whose the Romans depended for the Encreaſe of an *abſolute Empire*. But to make the Poem entirely Engliſh, I was willing to add one or two of the which contribute to the Happineſs of a *Free People* and are more conſiſtent with the Welfare of *Neighbours*.

The Epiſtle will ſhew the learned World to fallen into Two miſtakes: one, that *Auguſtus Patron of Poets in general*; whereas he not prohibited all but the Beſt Writers to name but recommended that Care even to the Civil ſtrate: *Admonebat Praetores, ne paterentur Nomen obſolefieri*, etc. The other, that this Poem only a *general Diſcourſe of Poetry*; whereas *Apology for the Poets*, in order to render more their Patron. *Horace* here pleads the his Cotemporaries, firſt againſt the Town, whoſe humour it was to magnify of the preceding Age; ſecondly, again

lobility, who encouraged only the Writers for heatre; and laſtly againſt the *Emperor* himſelf, iad conceived them of little Uſe to the Govern-

He ſhews (by a View of the Progreſs of ing, and the Change of Taſte among the ns) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of had given the Writers of his Time great itages over their Predeceſſors; that their *Morals* much improved, and the licence of thoſe it Poets reſtrained: that *Satire* and *Comedy* become more juſt and uſeful; that whatever vagances were left on the Stage were owing *ll Taſte* of the *Nobility*; that Poets, under due lations, were in many reſpects uſeful to the , and concludes, that it was upon them the *ror* himſelf muſt depend, for his Fame with rity.

e may farther learn from this Epiſtle, that *e* made his Court to this Great Prince by ig with a decent Freedom toward him, with a Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a y Regard to his own Character.

EPISTOLA

Ad AUGUSTUM.

CUM tot [a] ſuſtineas et tanta negotia ſolus,
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes; in [b] publica commoda pecce
Si longo ſermone morer tua tempora, Caeſar.
[c] Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Caſtore Poll
Poſt ingentia facta, [d] Deorum in templa recep
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera l
Componunt, agros adſignant, oppida condunt;
[e] Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore ſubegit,
Comperit [f] invidiam ſupremo fine domari.

Book ii: *Epiſt.* 1.] The Poet always riſes with his or and very often without. This whole Imitation is ext noble and ſublime.

VER. 7. *Edward and Henry, etc.*] *Romulus, et Liber Pa* Horace very judiciouſly praiſes Auguſtus for the colo

EPISTLE I.

To AUGUSTUS.

WHile you, great Patron of Mankind! [a] ſuſtain
The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend,
At Home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
How ſhall the Muſe, from ſuch a Monarch, ſteal
An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?
[c] Edward and Henry, now the Boaſt of Fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more [d] ſacred Name,
After a Life of gen'rous toils endur'd,
The Gaul ſubdu'd, or Property ſecur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities ſtorm'd,
Or Laws eſtabliſh'd, and the world reform'd;
[e] Clos'd their long Glories with a ſigh, to find
Th'unwilling Gratitude of baſe mankind!
All human Virtue, to its lateſt breath,
[f] Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.

founded, not for the victories he had won; and therefore compares him, not to thoſe who deſolated, but to thoſe who civilized mankind. The imitation wants this grace: and for a very obvious reaſon, ſhould not have aimed at it, as he has done in the mention of *Alfred*.

[g] Urit enim fulgore ſuo, qui prægravat artes
Infra ſe poſitas: extinctus amabitur idem.

[h] Præſenti tibi *maturos* largimur honores,
[i] Jurandaſque tuum per numen ponimus aras,
[k] *Nil orturum* alias, *nil ortum tale* fatentes.
Sed tuus hoc populus ſapiens et juſtus in uno.
* *Te noſtris ducibus, te Graiis* anteferendo,
Caetera nequaquam ſimili ratione modoque
Aeſtimat; et, niſi quae terris ſemota ſuiſque
Temporibus defuncta videt, faſtidit et odit:
[l] Sic fautor *veterum*, et tabulas peccare vetantes
Quas bis quinque viri ſanxerunt, foedera regum,
Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis aequata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annoſa volumina Vatum,

VER. 17. *The great Alcides,*] This inſtance has not th ſame grace here as in the original, where it comes in we after thoſe of Romulus, Bacchus, Caſtor, and Pollux, th aukwardly after Edward and Henry. But it was for th ſake of the beautiful thought in the next line; which, ye does not equal the force of his original.

VER. 38. *And beaſtly Skelton, etc.*] Skelton, Poet Laureat t Henry VIII. a volume of whoſe verſes has been lately r

great Alcides, ev'ry Labour paſt,
till this Monſter to ſubdue at laſt.
: fate of all, beneath whoſe riſing ray
ſtar of meaner merit fades away!
eſs'd we feel the beam directly beat,
: Suns of Glory pleaſe not till they ſet.
thee, the World its preſent homage pays,
harveſt early, [h] but mature the praiſe:
Friend of LIBERTY! in *Kings* a Name
: all Greek, above all Roman Fame *:
: Word is Truth, as ſacred and rever'd,
:aven's own Oracles from Altars heard.
er of King! like whom, to mortal eyes
e e'er has riſen, and none e'er ſhall riſe.
: in one inſtance, be it yet confeſt
People, Sir, are partial in the reſt:
o all living worth except your own,
dvocates for folly dead and gone.
rs, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
ie ruſt we value, not the gold.
icer's worſt ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
eaſily Skelton Heads of houſes quote:
kes no language but the Faery Queen?
: will fight for Chriſt's Kirk o' the Green:

, conſiſting almoſt wholly of ribaldry, obſcenity, and
us language.
. 40. *Chriſt's Kirk o'the Green*;] A Ballad made by a
f Scotland.

[m] Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.

Si, quia [n] Graiorum sunt antiquissima quaeque
Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem
Scriptores trutina; non est quod multa loquamur
Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri.
Venimus ad summum fortunae: *pingimus*, atque
[o] *Psallimus*, et [p] *luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.*
Si [q] meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus
Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos vetereſque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.
Est vetus atque probus, [r] centum qui perficit annos.
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno mense vel anno,
Inter quos referendus erit? [s] veteresne poetas,
An quos et praesens et postera respuat aetas?
Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur [t] *honeste*,
Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.

Utor permisso, caudaeque pilos ut [u] equinae
Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et item unum,
Dum cadat elusus ratione [w] ruentis acervi,
Qui redit in [x] *fastos*, et virtutem aestimat annis,
Miraturque nihil, nisi quod [y] *Libitina* sacravit.

VER. 42. *met him at the Devil*] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Johnson held his Poetical Club.

ue Briton is to Ben ſo civil,
the Muſes met him at the Devil.
y [n] Greeee her eldeſt ſons admires,
not We be wiſer than our ſires?
lick Virtue we excell:
e paint, [o] we ſing, we dance as well,
ed Athens to our art muſt ſtoop,
hold us tumbling thro' a hoop.
improve our Wits as well as Wine,
age a Poet grows divine?
ſhall we not, account him ſo,
erhaps, an hundred years ago?
ate; and fix the year preciſe?
a bards begin t' immortalize?
ſts a [r] century can have no flaw,
t Wit a Claſſic, good in law.
e wants a year, will you compound?
deem him [s] Ancient, right and ſound,
all eternity at once,
ne, a Modern and a Dunce?
l not quarrel for a year or two;
eſy of England, he may do.
the rule that made the [u] Horſe-tail bare,
rear by year, as hair by hair,
down Ancients like a heap of ſnow:
o meaſure merits, look in [x] Stowe,
ng authors by the year,
land only on a [y] Bier.

[z] Ennius et *ſapiens*, et *fortis*, et *alter Homerus*,
Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur
Quo [a] *promiſſa* cadant, et *ſomnia Pythagorea*.
[b] Naevius in manibus non eſt: at [c] mentibus haerc
Pene recens: [d] adeo ſanctum eſt vetus omne poema
Ambigitur [e] quoties, uter utro ſit prior; aufert
Pacuvius docti famam ſenis, Accius alti:
Dicitur Afranî toga conveniſſe Menandro;
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi
Vincere Caecilius gravitate, Terentius arte:
Hos ediſcit, et hos arcto ſtipata theatro
Spectat Roma potens; [f] habet hos numeratque poet
Ad noſtrum tempus, Livî ſcriptoris ab aevo.
[g] Interdum vulgus rectum videt: eſt ubi peccat.

VER. 69. *Shakeſpear.*] Shakeſpear and Ben Johnſon m truly be ſaid not much to have thought of this Immortalit the one in many pieces compoſed in haſte for the Stage; t other in his latter works in general, which *Dryden* called h *Dotages*.

VER. 74. *The life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.*]

Quo promiſſa cadant, et ſomnia Pythagorea.

The beauty of this ariſes from a circumſtance in Ennius ſtory. But as this could not be imitated, our Poet ende voured to equal it; and has ſucceeded.

VER. 77. *Pindarick Art,*] Which has much more me than his Epic, but very unlike the Character, as well Numbers, of Pindar.

VER. 81. *In all debates, etc.*] The Poet has here put t bald cant of women and boys into extreme fine verſe. Tl is in ſtrict imitation of his Original, where the ſame impe tinent and gratuitous criticiſm is admirably ridiculed.

[z] Shakeſpear (whom you and ev'ry Play-houſe bill
Style the divine, the matchleſs, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew Immortal in his own deſpight.
Ben, old and poor, as little ſeem'd to heed
[a] The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed,
Who now reads [b] Cowley? if he pleaſes yet,
His Moral pleaſes, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,
But ſtill [c] I love the language of his heart.
" Yet ſurely, [d] ſurely, theſe were famous men!
" What boy but hears the ſayings of old Ben?
" In all [e] debates where Critics bear a part.
" Not one but nods, and talks of Johnſon's Art,
" Of Shakeſpear's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit:
" How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher
" writ;
" How Shadwell haſty, Wycherly was ſlow;
" But, for the Paſſions, Southern ſure and Rowe.
" Theſe, [f] only theſe, ſupport the crouded ſtage,
" From eldeſt Heywood down to Cibber's age.

VER. 85. *Shadwell haſty, Wycherly was ſlow.*] Nothing was leſs true than this particular: But the whole paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and muſt not altogether be taken for Horace's own Judgment, only the common Chat of the pretenders to Criticiſm; in ſome things right, in others, wrong; as he tells us in his anſwer.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt: eſt ubi peccat.

Si [h] veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat;
Si quaedam nimis [i] *antique*, ſi pleraque [k] *dure*
Dicere cedit eos, [l] *ignave* multa fatetur;
Et ſapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat aequo.
[m] Non equidem inſector, *delendaque carmina* Livî
Eſſe reor, memini quae [n] *plagoſum* [o] *mihi parvo*
Orbilium dictare;

ſed emendata videri
Pulchraque, et exactis minimum diſtantia, miror:
Inter quae [p] *verbum* emicuit ſi forte *decorum*,
Si [q] *verſus* paulo *concinnior* unus et alter;
Injuſte *totum* ducit venitque poema.

VER. 91. *Gammer Gurton.*] A piece of very low humour one of the firſt printed Plays in Engliſh, and therefore much valued by ſome Antiquaries.

may be; [g] the People's Voice is odd,
it is not, the voice of God.
mer Gurton if it give the bays,
eny the Careleſs Huſband praiſe,
Fathers never broke a rule;
, I ſay, the Public is a fool.
em own, that greater Faults than we
, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.
imſelf affects the [i] Obſolete,
ey's verſe halts ill on [k] Roman feet:
trong pinion now not Heav'n can bound.
ent-like, in [l] proſe he ſweeps the ground,
es, Angel and Archangel join,
the Father turns a ſchool-divine.
it I'd lop the Beauties from his book,
ſhing Bentley with his deſp'rate hook,
all Shakeſpear, like th' affected Fool
who hates whate'er he [o] read at ſchool.
the Wits of either Charles's days,
of Gentlemen who wrote with Eaſe;
rew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
nkling ſtars the Miſcellanies o'er)
le, that [p] ſolitary ſhines
deſert of a thouſand lines,
then'd Thought that gleams through many
ge,
ify'd whole poems for an age.

[r] Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia craſſe
Compoſitum, illepideve putetur, ſed quia nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis, ſed honorem et praemia poſci.
[s] Recte necne *crocum floreſque* perambulet *Attae*
Fabula, ſi dubitem; clamant periiſſe pudorem
Cuncti pene *patres*: ea cum reprehendere coner,
Quae [t] *gravis Aeſopus*, quae doctus *Roſcius* egit.
Vel quia nil [u] rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et, quae
Imberbi didicere, ſenes perdenda fateri.
Jam [w] *Saliare Numae carmen* qui laudat, et illud,
Quod mecum ignorat, ſolus vult ſcire videri;
Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque ſepultis,
Noſtra ſed impugnat, nos noſtraque lividus odit.
[x] Quod ſi tam Graecis *novitas* inviſa fuiſſet,
Quam nobis; quid nunc eſſet vetus! aut quid haberet,
Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus uſus?

VER. 119. *On Avon's bank,*] At Stratford in Warwickſhire, where Shakeſpear had his birth. The thought of the Original is here infinitely improved. *Perambulet* is a low alluſion to the name and imperfections of *Atta*.

oſe my patience, and I own it too,
works are cenſur'd, not as bad but new?
if our Elders break all reaſon's laws,
fools demand not pardon, but Applauſe.
ı Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
t aſk, if any weed can grow?
ragic ſentence if I dare deride,
t Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
l-mouth'd Booth with emphaſis proclaims.
but, perhaps, a muſter-roll of Names)
/ill our Fathers riſe up in a rage,
'ear, all ſhame is loſt in George's Age!
think [u] no Fools diſgrac'd the former reign,
ıt ſome grave Examples yet remain,
corn a Lad ſhould teach his father ſkill,
aving once been wrong, will be ſo ſtill.
ho to ſeem more deep than you or I,
old Bards, [w] or Merlin's Prophecy,
e him not; he envieſs not admires,
) debaſe the Sons, exalts the Sires.
ancient times conſpir'd to diſallow
then was new, what had been ancient now?

124. *A muſter-roll of Names,*] An abſurd cuſtom of Actors, to pronounce with emphaſis the meer *Proper* f Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the* the Player.

129—130.] Inferior to the original ſ as VER. 133--4:

[y] Ut primum poſitis nugari Graecia bellis

Coepit, et in *vitium fortuna labier aequa*;

Nunc athletarum ſtudiis, nunc arſit [z] *equorum*

[a] Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut aeris amavit;

Suſpendit [b] picta vultum mentemque tabella:

Nunc [c] tibicinibus, nunc eſt gaviſa tragoedis:

[d] Sub nutrice puella velut ſi luderet infans,

Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.

Quid placet, aut odio eſt, quod non mutabile credi

Hoc paces habuere bonae, ventique ſecundi.

VER. 142. A verſe of the Lord Lanſdown.

VER. 143. *In Horſemanſhip t'excel,—— And ev'ry ſtile Courtier writ Romance.*] The Duke of Newcaſtle's Book of Horſemanſhip: the Romance of *Parthenifſa*, by the Earl of Orrery, and moſt of the French Romances tranſlated by *ſons of Quality*.

VER. 149. *Lely on animated Canvas ſtole--The ſleepy Eye,*

what remain'd, so worthy to be read
ned Critics, of the mighty Dead?
Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword
eath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* restor'd;
taste of foreign Courts improv'd,
by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."
Peers grew proud in [a] Horsemanship t' excell,
arket's Glory rose, as Britain's fell;
oldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,
ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.
Marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
ielding Metal flow'd to human form!
n [b] animated Canvas stole
epy Eye, that spoke the melting soul.
nder then, when all was Love and sport,
illing Muses were debauch'd at Court:
ach enervate string they taught the note
it, or tremble thro' a Eunuch's throat.
[d] Britain, changeful as a Child at play,
alls in Princes, and now turns away.
Vhig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
ll for Pleasure, now for Church and State;
or Prerogative, and now for Laws;
unhappy! from a Noble Cause.

as the Characteristic of this excellent Colourist's ex-
; who was an excessive Manierest.

153. *On each enervate string, etc.*] The Siege of Rhodes William Davenant, the first Opera sung in England.

[e] Romæ dulce diu fuit et ſolemne, reclusa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
Scriptos [f] nominibus rectis expendere nummos;
[g] *Majores* audire, minori dicere, per quæ
Creſcere res poſſet, minui damnoſa libido.
Mutavit mentem populus levis, [h] et calet uno
Scribendi ſtudio: puerique patreſque ſeveri
Fronde comas vincti cœnant, et carmina dictant.
Ipſe ego, qui nullos me affirmo ſcribere verſus,
Invenior [i] Parthis *mendacior*; et prius orto
Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et ſcrinia poſco.
[k] Navem agere *ignarus* navis timet: abrotonum æ
Non audet, niſi qui *didicit*, dare: quod *medicorum*
Promittunt [l] medici: tractant fabrilia fabri:

VER. 131. *He ſerv'd, etc.*] To the ſimple elegance of original, the Poet has here added great ſpirit and vivac without departing from the fidelity of a tranſlation.

[e] Time was, a ſober Engliſhman would knock
His ſervants up, and riſe by five o'clock,
Inſtruct his Family in ev'ry rule,
And ſend his Wife to church, his Son to School.
To [f] worſhip like his Fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
To prove, that Luxury could never hold;
And place, on good [g] Security, his Gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one [h] Poetic Itch
Has ſeiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich:
Sons, Sires, and Grandſires, all will wear the bays,
Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
To theatres, and to Rehearſals throng,
And all our Grace at table is a Song.
I, who ſo oft renounce the Muſes, [i] lye,
Not—'s ſelf e'er tells more *Fibbs* than I;
When ſick of Muſe, our follies we deplore,
And promiſe our beſt Friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to ſhow our Wit.
[k] He ſerv'd a 'Prenticeſhip, who ſets up ſhop;
Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;
Ev'n [l] Radcliff's Doctors travel firſt to France,
Nor dare to practiſe till they've learned to dance.

Ver. 182. *Ward*] A famous Empiric, whoſe Pill and Drop had ſeveral ſurpriſing Effects, and were one of the principal ſubjects of writing and converſation at this time.

[m] Scribimus indocti doctique poemata paſſim.

[n] Hic error tamen et levis haec inſania, quantas
Virtutes habeat, ſic collige: vatis [o] *avarus*
Non temere eſt animus: [p] verſus amat, hoc ſtudet unum;
Detrimenta, [q] *fugas* ſervorum, *incendia* ridet;
Non [r] *fraudem ſocio*, puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillo; vivit ſiliquis, et pane ſecundo [s];
[t] Militiæ quanquam piger et malus, *utilis urbi*;
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari;
[u] Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:

VER. 201. *Of little uſe, etc.*] There is a poignancy in the following verſes, which the original did not aim at, nor affect.

VER. 404. *And (tho' no Soldier)*] Horace had not acquitted himſelf much to his credit in this capacity (*non bene relicta parmula*) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifeſt he alludes to himſelf, in this whole acoount of a Poet's character; but with an intermixture of irony: *Vivit ſiliquis et pane ſecundo* has a relation to his Epicuriſm; *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule: The

lds a Bridge that never drove a pile? 185
Ripley venture, all the world would ſmile)
ɔſe who cannot write, and thoſe who can,
ıe, and ſcrawl, and ſcribble, to a man.
ir, [n] reflect, the miſchief is not great;
admen never hurt the Church or State: 190
es the Folly benefits mankind;
ly [o] Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
m but his [p] plaything of a Pen,
rebels, or plots, like other men:
ɔf Caſhiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind; 195
ws no loſſes while the Muſe is kind.
at a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
d man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
is Garden and his book in quiet;
ı—a perfect Hermit in his [q] diet. 200
tle uſe the Man you may ſuppoſe,
s in verſe what others ſay in proſe;
ne ſhow, a Poet's of ſome weight,
ıo' no Soldier) uſeful to the State.
will a Child learn ſooner than a ſong? 205
:tter teach a Foreigner the tongue?

ice of a Poet follows: *Torquet ab obſcoenis---Mox etiam ſecte facta refert, etc.* which the Imitator has apply'd thinks it more due than to himſelf. He hopes to ıed, if, as as he is ſincerely inclined to praiſe what ɔ be praiſed, he arraigns what deſerves to be ar- in the 210, 211, and 212th Verſes.

Torquet [w] ab *oſcoenis* jam nunc ſermonibus aurem;

Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,

Aſperitatis, et invidiæ corrector, et iræ;

Recte facta refert; [x] orientia tempora notis

Inſtruit exemplis; [y] *inopem* ſolatur et *ægrum.*

VER. 213. *Unhappy Dryden--In all Charles's days--Roſcommon only boaſts unſpotted bays;*] The ſudden ſtop after mentioning the name of *Dryden* has a great beauty. The Poet's *tenderneſs* for his maſter is expreſſed in the ſecond line by making his *caſe general*; and his *honour* for him, in the firſt line, by making his *caſe particular*, as the only one that deſerved pity.

VER. 226. *the Ideot and the Poor.*] A foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a Fund for aſſiſting the Poor, by lending ſmall ſums of money on demand.

VER. 229. *Not b::t there are, etc.*] Nothing can be more truly humourous or witty than all that follows to ver. 240. Yet the noble ſobriety of the original, or, at leaſt, the appearance of ſobriety, which is the ſame thing here, is of a taſte vaſtly ſuperior to it.

What's long or ſhort, each accent where to place,
And ſpeak in public with ſome ſort of grace.
I ſcarce can think him ſuch a worthleſs thing,
Unleſs he praiſe ſome Monſter of a King;
Or Virtue, or Religion turn to ſport,
To pleaſe a lewd, or unbelieving Court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
Roſcommon only boaſts unſpotted bays;
And in our own (excuſe ſome Courtly ſtains)
No whiter page than Addiſon remains.
He, [w] from the taſte obſcene reclaims our youth,
And ſets the Paſſions on the ſide of Truth,
Forms the ſoft boſom with the gentleſt art,
And pours each human Virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cauſe,
Her Trade ſupported, and ſupplied her Laws;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verſe ingrav'd,
"The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet ſav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,
Stretch'd to [x] relieve the Idiot and the Poor,
Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
And [y] ſtretch the Ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Pſalms:

VER. 230. *Sternhold.*] One of the verſifiers of the old ſing-ing pſalms. He was a Courtier, and Groom of the Robes to en. VIII. and of the Bedchamber to Edward VI. Fuller, in s *Church Hiſtory*, ſays he was eſteemed an *excellent Poet.*

Caſtis cum [z] pueris ignara puella mariti
Diſceret unde [b] *preces*, vatem ni Muſa dediſſet?
Poſcit opem chorus, et *praeſentia numina* ſentit;
Coeleſtes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus;
Avertit morbos, [c] *metuenda pericula* pellit;
Impetrat et *pacem*, et locupletem frugibus annum.
[d] Carmine Dî ſuperi placantur, carmine Manes.
[e] Agricolae priſci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto
Corpus et ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem,
Cum ſociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis aevi.
Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
[f] Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit;
Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
Luſit amabiliter: [g] donec jam ſaevus apertam
In rabiem coepit verti jocus, et per honeſtas
Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento
Dente laceſſiti: fuit intactis quoque cura

VER. 241. *Our rural Anceſtors, etc.*] This is almoſt literal and ſhews, that the beauty and ſpirit, ſo much admired in the

loys and Girls whom charity maintains,
your help in theſe pathetic ſtrains:
uld Devotion [b] touch the country pews,
he Gods beſtow'd a proper Muſe?
ears their leiſure, Verſe aſſiſts their work,
ays for Peace, or ſings down [c] Pope and Turk.
nc'd Preacher yields to potent ſtrain,
ls that grace his pray'r beſought in vain;
eſſing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
Heav'n is won by Violence of Song.
rural Anceſtors, with little bleſt,
of labour when the end was reſt,
d the day that hous'd their annual grain,
aſts, and off'rings, and a thankful ſtrain:
their wives, their ſons, and ſervants ſhare,
their toil, and part'ners of their care:
igh, the jeſt, attendants on the bowl,
'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry ſoul:
rowing years the pleaſing Licence grew,
Taunts alternate innocently flew.
nes corrupt, and [g] Nature, ill-inclin'd,
d the point that left a ſting behind;
end with friend, and families at ſtrife,
hant Malice rag'd thro' private life.
lt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm.
d to Law, and Juſtice lent her arm.

[b] we leſs to the liberty of imitating, than to the ſupe-
us of the imitator.

Conditione ſuper communi: [h] quin etiam lex
Poenaque lata, malo quae nollet carmine quemquam
Deſcribi. vertere modum, formidine fuſtis
Ad [i] *bene dicendum, delectandumque* redacti.
[k] Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agreſti Latio. ſic horridus ille
Defluxit [l] *numerus Saturnius*, et grave virus
Munditiae pepulere: ſed in longum tamen aevum
Manſerunt, hodieque manent, [m] *veſtigia ruris.*
Serus enim Graecis admovit acumina chartis;
Et poſt [n] *Punica bella* quietus quaerere coepit,
Quid [o] Sophocles et Theſpis et Aeſchylus utile ferrent:

VER. 259. *Moſt warp'd to Flatt'ry's ſide, etc.*] Theſe two lines (notwithſtanding the reference) are an addition to the Original. They ſeemed neceſſary to compleat the Hiſtory of the riſe and progreſs of Wit; and, if attended to, will be ſeen to make much for the argument the Poet is upon, *viz.* the *recommendation of Poetry to the protection of the Magiſtrate.* And is, therefore, what Horace would have choſen to ſay, had he reflected on it.

VER. 263. *We conquer'd France, etc.*] The inſtance the Poet *here* gives, to anſwer that in the *Original*, is not ſo happy. However, it might be ſaid with truth, that our Intrigues on the Continent brought us acquainted with the *Provincial* Poets, and poduced *Chaucer*. I, only, wonder, when he had ſuch an

At length, by wholſome [h] dread of ſtatutes bound,
The Poets learn'd to pleaſe, and not to wound;
Moſt warp'd to [i] Flatt'ry's ſide; but ſome, more nice,
Preſerv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice.
Hence Satire roſe, that juſt the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with Wit.
[k] We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms;
Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;
Britain to ſoft refinements leſs a foe,
Wit grew polite, and [l] Numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was ſmooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verſe, the full-reſounding line,
The long majeſtic March, and Energy divine.
Tho' ſtill ſome traces of our [m] ruſtic vein
And ſplay-foot verſe remain'd, and will remain,
Late, very late, correctneſs grew our care,
When the tir'd Nation [n] breath'd from civil war,
Exact [o] Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had ſomething to admire.

example before him, of a Bard who ſo greatly poliſhed the ruſticity of his age, he did not uſe it to paraphraſe the ſenſe of

Defluxit numerus Saturnius, et grave virus
Munditiae pepulere:

VER. 267. *Waller was ſmooth;*] Mr. Waller, about this time, with the Earl of Dorſet, Mr. Godolphin, and others, tranſlated the Pompey of Corneille; and the more correct French Poets began to be in reputation.

Tentavit quoque rem, ſi digne vertere poſſet:
Et placuit ſibi, natura ſublimis et acer:
Nam [p] ſpirat tragicum ſatis, et feliciter audet:
Sed [q] turpem putat inſcite metuitque *lituram*.
Creditur, ex [r] *medio* quia res arceſſit, habere
Sudoris minimum; ſed habet *Comoedia* tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniae minus. [s] aſpice, Plauti
Quo pacto [t] *partes tutetur* amantis ephebi,
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut inſidioſi:
Quantus ſit Doſſennus [u] *edacibus in paraſitis*;
Quam [w] *non aſtricto* percurrat pulpita *ſocco*.
Geſtit enim [x] nummum in loculos demittere; poſtl
Securus, cadat an recto ſtet fabula talo.
Quem tulit ad ſcenam [y] ventoſo gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus ſpectator, ſedulus inflat:
Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avaru

VER. 290. *Aſtrea,*] A Name taken by Mrs. Behn, Auth eſs of ſeveral obſcene Plays, *etc.*

Ibid, *The ſtage how looſely does Aſtræa tread,*] The fine me phor of *non aſtricto*, greatly improved by the happy ambigu of the word *looſely*.

VER. 296. *O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys,*] metaphor is fine, but inferior to the Original, in many reſpe

ventoſo gloria curru,

has a happy air of ridicule heightened by its alluſion to Roman Triumph. It has a great beauty too, taken in a more rious light, as repreſenting the Poet a *Slave* to Fame or *Glo*

Quem tulit ad ſcenam--Gloria.

as was the cuſtom in their triumphs. In other reſpects

it the [p] Tragic ſpirit was our own,
ill in Shakeſpear, fair in Otway ſhone:
:way fail'd to poliſh or refine,
fluent Shakeſpear ſcarce effac'd a line.
opious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
ſt and greateſt Art, the Art to blot.
loubt, if eqnal pains, or equal fire
humbler Muſe of Comedy require.
known Images of life, I gueſs
ibour greater, as th' indulgence leſs [s].
'e how ſeldom ev'n the beſt ſucceed:
ie if [t] Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
pert, low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ!
Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
age how [u] looſely does Aſtræa tread,
fairly puts all Characters to bed!
lle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
ike poor Pinky [w] eat with a vaſt applauſe!
l their [x] purſe, our Poet's work is done,
to them, by Pathos or by Pun.
ou! whom [y] Vanity's light bark conveys
me's mad voyage by the wind of praiſe.
what a ſhifting gale your courſe you ply,
'er ſunk too low, or born too high!

on has the preference. It is more juſt. For a Poet
his firſt entrance on the ſtage, not immediately, to
b, but to *try his Fortune*. However,
Who pants for Glory, etc.
h ſuperior to the Original.

Subruit, ac reficit: [a] valeat res ludicra, ſi me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
[a] Saepe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam
Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores
Indocti, ſtolidique, et [b] depugnare parati
Si diſcordet eques, media inter carmina poſcunt
Aut [c] *urſum* aut *pugiles*: his nam plebecula gaudet.
Verum [d] *equitis* quoque jam migravit ab *aure* voluptas
Omnis, ad *incertos oculos*, et gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures aulaea premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt [e] *equitum* turmae, peditumque catervae:
Mox trahitur manibus *regum* fortuna retortis;
Eſſeda feſtinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.

VER. 319. *Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breaſt.*] The Coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the Playhouſes vied with each other to repreſent all the pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention, the Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dreſs the Champion.

unts for glory finds but ſhort repoſe,
h revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
ell the ſtage! if juſt as thrives the play,
y bard grows fat, or falls away.
ere ſtill remains, to mortify a Wit,
iny-headed Monſter of the Pit:
leſs, worthleſs, and unhonour'd croud;
to diſturb their betters mighty proud,
ig their ſticks before ten lines are ſpoke,
: the Farce, [c] the Bear, or the Black-joke,
ear delight to Britons Farce affords!
e taſte of Mobs, but now [d] of Lords;
that eternal wanderer, which flies,
eads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
ıy ſtands ſtill; damn action and diſcourſe,
' the ſcenes, and enter foot [e] and horſe;
s on pageants, in long order drawn,
Heralds, Biſhops, Ermin, Gold and Lawn:
ampion too! and, to complete the jeſt,
vard's Armour beams on Cibber's breaſt.

Old Edward's Armour, etc.] Deſcriptive poetry is the ork of a Genius. Therefore when Mr. Pope em- ſelf in it, he never fails, as here, to ennoble it with ke or other.

[f] Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; ſeu
Diverſum confuſa genus panthera camelo,
Sive [g] *elephas albus* vulgi converteret ora.
Spectaret *populum* ludis attentius ipſis,
Ut ſibi praebentem mimo ſpectacula plura:
Scriptores autem [h] narrare putaret *aſello*
Fabellam ſurdo. nam quae [i] pervincere voces
Evaluere ſonum, referunt quem noſtra theatra
[k] *Garganum mugire* putes *nemus*, aut *mare Tuſcum.*
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, et artes.
[l] *Divitiaeque peregrinae: quibus* [m] *oblitus actor*
Cum ſtetit in ſcena, concurrit dextera laevae.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil ſane. Quid placet ergo?
[n] Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
Ac ne forte putes me, quae facere ipſe recuſem
Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire poeta; [o] meum qui pectus *inaniter* angit.

[f] VER. 328. *Orcas' ſtormy ſteep.*] The ſtarteſt Northe montory of Scotland, oppoſite to the Orcades.

:h [f] laughter ſure Democritus had dy'd,
d he beheld an Audience gape ſo wide.
Bear or [g] Elephant be e'er ſo white,
e people, ſure, the people are the ſight!
luckleſs [h] Poet! ſtretch thy lungs and roar,
at Bear or Elephant ſhall heed thee more;
hile all its [i] throats the gallery extends,
d all the Thunder of the Pit aſcends!
ud as the Wolves, on [k] Orcas' ſtormy ſteep,
)wl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
ch is the ſhout, the long-applauding note,
Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's [l]petticoat;
when from Court a birth-day ſuit beſtow'd,
ıks the [m] loſt Actor in the tawdry load.
)oth enters—hark! the Univerſal peal!
But has he ſpoken?" Not a ſyllable.
'hat ſhook the ſtage, and made the people ſtare?
Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.
Yet leſt you think I railly more than teach,
)r praiſe malignly Arts I cannot reach,
.et me for once preſume t'inſtruct the times,
'o know the Poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he, [o] who gives my breaſt a thouſand pains,
Can make me feel each Paſſion that he feigns;

Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
[p] Verum age, et his, qui ſe *lectori* credere malunt,
Quam *ſpectatoris* faſtidia ferre ſuperbi,
Curam impende brevem: ſi [q] munus Apolline dignum
Vis *complere libris*; et vatibus addere calcar,
Ut ſtudio majore petant Helicona virentem.
[r] Multa quidem nobis facimus mala ſaepe poetae,
(Ut vineta egomet caedam mea) cum tibi librum
[s] *Solicito* damus, aut *feſſo*: cum laedimur, [t] *unum*
Si quis *amicorum* eſt auſus reprendere *verſum*:
Cum loca jam [u] recitata revolvimus *irrevocati*:
Cum [w] lamentamur non *apparere* labores
Noſtros, et *tenui* deducta poemata *filo*;

VER. 354. *a Library*] *Munus Apolline dignum.* The Palatine Library then building by Auguſtus.

Inrage, compoſe, with more than magic Art,
With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart;
And ſnatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

[p] But not this part of the Poetic ſtate
Alone, deſerves the favour of the Great:
Think of thoſe Authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a Reader's ſenſe, than Gazer's eye.
Or who ſhall wander where the Muſes ſing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taſte their ſpring?
How ſhall we fill [q] a Library with Wit,
When Merlin's Cave is half unfurniſh'd yet?
My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,
I gueſs; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We [r] Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures moſt abſurd:
The [s] ſeaſon, when to come, and when to go,
To ſing, or ceaſe to ſing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You loſe your patience, juſt like other men.
Then too we hurt ourſelves when to defend
A [t] ſingle verſe, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat [u] unaſk'd; lament, the [w] Wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But moſt, when ſtraining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write Epiſtles to the King;

VER. 355. *Merlin's Cave*] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a ſmall, but choice Collection of Books.

Cum [x] ſperamus eo rem venturam, ut, ſimul atque
Carmina reſcieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arceſſas, et egere vetes, et *ſcribere cogas*.
Sed tamen eſt [y] *operae precium* cognoſcere, *quales*
Aedituos habeat belli ſpectata domique
Virtus, [z] *indigno* non committenda *poetae*.
[a] Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
Choerilus, incultis qui verſibus & male natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numiſma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, fere ſcriptores carmine foedo
Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, ne quis *ſe* praeter Apellem
Pingeret, aut alius Lyſippo duceret aera
Fortis [b] *Alexandri vultum ſimulantia*. quod ſi
Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros et ad haec Muſarum dona vocares;
[c] Boeotum in craſſo jurares aere natum.
[*At neque dedecorant tua de ſe judicia, atque*
Munera, quae multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variuſque poetae;]
Nec magis expreſſi [d] vultus per ahenea ſigna,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent. nec ſermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, [e] quam *res* componere *geſt.*
Terrarumque [f] ſitus et flumina dicere, et arces

id [x] from the moment we oblige the town,
pect a place, or penſion from the Crown;
dubb'd Hiſtorians by expreſs command,
enroll your triumphs o'er the ſeas and land,
call'd to Court to plan ſome work divine,
once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.
Yet [y] think, great Sir! (ſo many Virtues ſhown)
think, what Poet beſt may make them known?
chuſe at leaſt ſome Miniſter of Grace,
to beſtow the [z] Laureat's weighty place.
[a] Charles, to late times to be tranſmitted fair,
ſign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
id great [b] Naſſau to Kneller's hand decreed
fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;
well in paint and ſtone they judg'd of merit:
t Kings in Wit may want diſcerning Spirit.
ne Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
ne knighted Blackmore, and one penſion'd Quarles;
hich made old Ben, and ſurly Dennis ſwear,
No Lord's anointed, but a [c] Ruffian Bear."
Not with ſuch [d] majeſty, ſuch bold relief,
ne Forms auguſt, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,
r ſwell'd on marble; as in verſe have ſhin'd
polish'd verſe) the Manners and the Mind.
! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
ur [e] Arms, your Actions, your Repoſe to ſing!
nat [f] ſeas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
ur Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!

Montibus impoſitas, et [g] *barbara regna*, tuiſque
Auſpiciis *totum* [h] *confecta duella* per *orbem*,
Clauſtraque [h] cuſtodem *pacis* cohibentia Janum,
Et [i] formidatam *Parthis*, te principe, Romam:
Si quantum cuperem, poſſem quoque. ſed neque parvum
[k] Carmen *majeſtas* recipit *tua*; nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recuſent
Sedulitas autem [l] *ſtulte*, quem *diligit*, urget;
Praecipue cum ſe *numeris* commendat et arte.
Diſcit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod *quis* [m] *deridet*, quam quod *probat* et *veneratur*.
Nil moror [n] officium, quod me gravat: ac neque *fido*

VER. 405. *And I'm not us'd to Panegyric ſtrains*;] Archbiſhop *Tillotſon* hath ſaid, "That ſatire and invective were "the eaſieſt kind of wit, becauſe almoſt any degree of it "will ſerve to abuſe and find fault. For wit (ſays he) is a "keen inſtrument, and every one can cut and gaſh with it. "But to carve a beautiful image and poliſh it, requires great "art and dexterity. To praiſe any thing well, is an argument of much more wit than to abuſe: a little wit, "and a great deal of ill-nature, will furniſh a man for ſatire, but the greateſt inſtance of wit is to commend well." Thus far this candid Prelate. And I, in my turn, might as well ſay, that Satire was the moſt difficult, and Panegyrick

barb'rous rage ſubſided at your word,
tions wonder'd while they drop'd the ſword!
hen you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
ſtole her wing, and wrapt the world in ſleep;
th's extremes your mediation own,
ſia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
erſe, alas! your Majeſty diſdains;
not us'd to Panegyric ſtrains:
al of [l] Fools offends at any time,
t of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme,
a fate attends on all I write,
nen I aim at praiſe, they ſay [m] I bite.
Encomium doubly ridicules:
nothing blackens like the ink of fools.

eaſy thing in nature; for that any barber-ſurgeon
nd ſhave, and give coſmetic waſhes for the ſkin;
uires the abilities of an Anatomiſt to diſſect and
the whole interior of the human frame. But the
theſe ſimilitudes prove nothing, but the good fancy,
judgment of the uſer. The one is juſt as eaſy to
d as difficult to do *well* as the other. In our Au-
ay on the Characters of Men, the Encomium on Lord
and the ſatire on Lord Wharton, are the equal ef-
ne ſame great genius. There is one advantage in-
ſatire over Panegyric, which every body has taken
, that it is more *readily received*; but this does not
t it is more *eaſily written*.

pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam,
: prave factis decorari versibus opto :
P rubeam *pingui* donatus *munere*, et una
ŋ ꝙ scriptore meo capsa porrectus aperta,
erar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
)iper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

true, a [o] woful likeneſs; and if lyes,
Praiſe undeſerv'd is ſcandal in diſguiſe:"
ell may he [p] bluſh, who gives it, or receives;
ıd when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
ike [q] Journals, Odes, and ſuch forgotten things
ı Euſden, Philip, Settle, writ of Kings)
loath ſpice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
ſfringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

THE SECOND EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

Audentis ſpeciem dabit, et torquebitur. Hor.

EPISTOLA II.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,
[b] Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum
Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum ſic agat: "Hic et
" Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,
" Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;
" Verna miniſteriis ad nutus aptus heriles;
" Litterulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti
" Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:
" Quin etiam canet indoctum, ſed dulce bibenti.
" Multa fidem promiſſa levant, ubi plenius aequo
" Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
" Res urget me nulla: meo ſum pauper in aere.
" Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere a me
" Quivis ferret idem: ſemel hic ceſſavit, et (ut ſit)
" In ſcalis latuit metuens pendentis habenae:
" Des nummos, excepta nihil te ſi *fuga* laedit.
[c] Ille ferat pretium, poenae ſecurus, opinor.
Prudens emiſti vitioſum: dicta tibi eſt lex.
Inſequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.

VER. 4. *Tbis Lad, Sir, is of Blois:*] A Town in Beauce, where the French tongue is ſpoken in great purity.

PISTLE II.

EAR Col'nel, COBHAM's and your country's
Friend!
love a Verſe, take ſuch as I can ſend.
Frenchman comes, preſents you with his Boy,
; and begins—" This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:
bſerve his ſhape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
y only ſon, I'd have him ſee the world:
is French is pure; his Voice too—you ſhall hear.
r, he's your ſlave, for twenty pound a year.
lere wax as yet, you faſhion him with eaſe,
our Barber, Cook, Upholſt'rer, what you pleaſe:
perfect genius at an Op'ra-ſong—
o ſay too much, might do my honour wrong.
ake him with all his virtues, on my word;
is whole ambition was to ſerve a Lord:
ut, Sir, to you, with what I would not part?
ho 'faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's heart.
nce (and but once) I caught him in a lye,
nd then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
he fault he has I fairly ſhall reveal,
Could you o'erlook but that) it is to ſteal.
, after this, you took the graceleſs lad
ld you complain, my Friend, he prov'd ſo bad?

[d] Dixi me pigrum proficiſcenti tibi, dixi
Talibus officiis prope mancum: ne mea ſaevus
Jurgares ad te quod epiſtola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? quereris ſuper hoc etiam, quod
Exſpectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.
[e] Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
Aerumnis, laſſus dum noctu ſtertit, ad aſſem
Perdiderat: hoſt hoc vehemens lupus, et ſibi et hoſti
Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
Praeſidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.
Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honeſtis,
Accipit et bis dena ſuper ſeſtertia nummûm.
Forte ſub hoc tempus *caſtellum* evertere praetor
Neſcio quod cupiens, hortari coepit eundem
Verbis, quae timido quoque poſſent addere mentem
I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fauſto,
Grandia laturus meritorum praemia: quid ſtas?

Ver. 24. *I think Sir Godfrey*] An eminent Juſtice of Peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Panca -----Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Ver. 33. *In Anna's Wars, etc.*] Many parts of this ſtory well told; but, on the whole, it is much inferior to the original.

Ver. 37. *This put the man, etc.*] Greatly below the Original:

Poſt hoc vehemens lupus, et ſibi et hoſti
Iratus pariter, *jejunis dentibus acer.*

The laſt words are particularly elegant and humorous.

ith, in ſuch caſe, if you ſhould proſecute,
hink Sir Godfrey ſhould decide the ſuit;
ho ſent the Thief that ſtole the Caſh, away,
id puniſh'd him that put it in his way.
d Conſider then, and judge me in this light;
old you when I went, I could not write;
ou ſaid the ſame; and are you diſcontent
ith laws to which you gave your own aſſent?
ay worſe, to ask for Verſe at ſuch a time!
'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
e In ANNA's Wars, a Soldier poor and old
ad dearly earn'd a little purſe of gold:
ir'd with a tedious march, one luckleſs night,
e ſlept, poor dog! and loſt it, to a doit.
his put the man in ſuch a deſp'rate mind,
:tween revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd
gainſt the foe, himſelf, and all mankind,
e leap'd the trenches, ſcal'd a Caſtle-wall,
ore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.
Prodigious well;" his great Commander cry'd,
ave him much praiſe, and ſome reward beſide.
:xt pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
s name I know not, and it's no great matter)

VER. 43. *Gave him much praiſe, and ſome reward beſide.*] For the ſake of a ſtroke of ſatire, he has here weakened that circumſtance on which the turn of the ſtory depends. He- ce avoided it, tho' the avaricious character of Lucullus is a tempting occaſion to indulge his raillery.

Poſt haec ille catus, quantumvis ruſticus, " Ibit,
" Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit.
f Romae nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri,
Iratus Graiis quantum nocuiſſet Achilles,
Adjecere bonae paulo plus artis Athenae:
Scilicet ut poſſem *curvo* dignoſcere *rectum*,
Atque inter ſilvas Academi *quaerere* verum.
Dura ſed emovere loco me tempora grato;
Civiliſque rudem belli tulit aeſtus in arma,
Caeſaris Auguſti non reſponſura lacertis.
Unde ſimul primum me demiſere Philippi,
Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemque *paterni*
Et *laris* et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
Ut verſus facerem: ſed, quod non deſit, habentem
Quae poterunt unquam ſatis expurgare *cicutae*,

VER. 51. *Let him take caſtles who has ne'er a groat.*] This has neither the force nor the juſtneſs of the original. Horace makes his ſoldier ſay,

Ibit,
Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit,

for it was not his *poverty*, but his *loſs* that puſhed him upon danger; many being equal to the one, who cannot bear the other. What betrayed our poet into this inacuracy of expreſſion was it's ſuiting better with the *application*. But in a great writer we pardon nothing. And ſuch ſhould never forget, that the expreſſion is not perfect, but when the idea it conveys fit both the *tale* and the *application*: for then they reflect mutual light upon one another.

, my Friend (he cry'd) ſee yonder walls!
ce and conquer! go where glory calls!
ıonours, more rewards, attend the brave."
ı remember what reply he gave?
hink me, noble Gen'ral, ſuch a Sot?
m take caſtles who has ne'er a groat."
up at home, full early I begun
in Greek the wrath of Peleus' ſon.
ny Father taught me from a lad,
ır art to know the good from bad:
le ſure imported to remove,
for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
tier points we knew not half ſo well,
us ſoon of our paternal Cell;
uin Laws, by ſuff'rers thought unjuſt,
ll poſts of profit or of truſt:
ter hopes of pious Papiſt's failed
ighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
t Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
to poverty with peace of mind;
the Muſes help'd to undergo it;
ı Papiſt he, and I a Poet.
ıks to Homer) ſince I live and thrive,
to no Prince or Peer alive,

3. *To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' ſon.*] This ce has a happier application in the *imitation* than *inal*; and properly introduces the 68th verſe.

Ni melius dormire putem, quam ſcribere verſus?

[g] Singula de nobis anni *praedantur* euntes;

Eripuere *jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum*;

Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?

[h] Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque:

Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis;

Ille Bioneis ſermonibus, et ſale nigro.

Tres mihi convivae prope diſſentire videntur,

Poſcentes vario multum diverſa palato.

Quid dem quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet alter:

Quod petis, id ſane eſt inviſum acidumque duobus.

[i] Praeter caetera me *Romaene* poemata cenſes

Scribere poſſe, inter tot curas totque labores?

Hic ſponſum vocat, hic auditum ſcripta, relictis

Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,

VER. 70. *Monroes.*] Dr. Monroe, Phyſician to Bedl Hoſpital.

uld want the care of ten Monroes,
l ſcribble, rather than repoſe.
; foll'wing years, ſteal ſomething ev'ry day,
ey ſteal us from ourſelves away;
r Frolics, one Amuſements end,
Miſtreſs drops, in one a Friend:
tle Thief of life, this paltry Time,
l it leave me, if it ſnatch my rhyme?
wheel of that unweary'd Mill,
n'd ten thouſand verſes now ſtands ſtill?
ıfter all, what would you have me do?
ıt of twenty I can pleaſe not two;
is Heroics only deigns to praiſe,
tire that, and that Pindaric lays?
s the Pheaſant's wing, and one the leg;
ar boil, the learned roaſt an egg;
k! to hit the palate of ſuch gueſts,
ldfield loves, what Dartineuf deteſts.
grant I may relapſe, for want of grace,
rhyme; can London be the place?
re his Muſe, or ſelf, or ſoul attends,
s, and courts, law, buſineſs, feaſts, and friends?
ıſel ſends to execute a deed:
egs me, I will hear him read:

73. *At laſt they ſteal us from ourſelves away;*] i. e. ges all our paſſions, appetites, and inclinations.

Hic extremo in Aventino; viſendus uterque.
Intervalla vides humane commoda. " Verum
" Purae ſunt plateae, nihil ut meditantibus obſtet."
Feſtinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemtor:
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
Triſtia robuſtis luctantur funera plauſtris:
Hac rabioſa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit ſus.
[k] I nunc, et verſus *tecum* meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis *amat nemus, et fugit urbes,*
Rite cliens Bacchi, ſomno gaudentis et umbra.
Tu me inter ſtrepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
Vis canere, et contracta ſequi veſtigia vatum?
[l] Ingenium, ſibi quod vacuas deſumſit *Athenas,*
Et ſtudiis annos *ſeptem* dedit, inſenuitque
Libris et curis, *ſtatua taciturnius exit*

VER. 104. *Have you not ſeen, etc.*] The ſatirical pleaſantry of this image, and the humorous manner of repreſenting it raiſes the imitation, in this place, far above the original.

VER. 113. *Would drink and doze, etc.*] This has not the delicacy, for it wants the elegant ambiguity, of

Rite cliens Bacchi, ſomno gaudentis et umbra.

where the intemperance of Poets is not the *obvious*, but the *ſecret* meaning. For Bacchus was the patron of the *Drama*:

In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomſb'ry ſquare—
Before the Lords at twelve my Cauſe comes on—
There's a Rehearſal, Sir, exact at one.—
" Oh but a Wit can ſtudy in the ſtreets,
" And raiſe his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite ſo well however as one ought;
A hackney coach may chance to ſpoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ableſt head.
Have you not ſeen, at Guildhall's narrow paſs,
Two Aldermen diſpute it with an Aſs?
And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-r-v--nce in a Car?
[k] Go, lofty Poet! and in ſuch a croud,
Sing thy ſonorous verſe—but not aloud.
Alas! to Grotto's and to Groves we run,
To eaſe and ſilence, ev'ry Muſe's ſon:
Blackmore himſelf, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.
How ſhall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?
[l]The Man, who ſtretch'd in Iſis' calm retreat,
To books and ſtudy gives ſev'n years compleat,

well as of the *Bottle*: and *ſleep* was courted for *inſpiration*, as well as to relieve *a debauch*.

Ibid. *Tooting---Earl's-Court.*] Two villages within a few miles of London.

Plerumque, et riſu populum quatit; hic ego re
Fluctibus in mediis, et tempeſtatibus urbis,
Verba lyrae motura ſonum connectere digner?
[m] Frater erat Romae conſulti rhetor; ut alter
Alterius ſermone meros audiret honores:
Gracchus ut hic illi, foret huic ut Mucius ille.
Quî minus argutos vexat furor iſte poetas?
[n] *Carmina* compono, hic *elegos*; mirabile viſu,
Caelatumque novem Muſis opus. aſpice primum
Quanto cum faſtu, quanto molimine circum-
[l]pectemus *vacuam Romanis vatibus aedem.*
Mox etiam (ſi forte vacas) ſequere, et *procul* aud
Quid ferat, et quare ſibi nectat uterque coronam
Caedimur et totidem plagis conſumimus hoſtem
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Diſcedo Alcaeus puncto illius; ille meo quis?
Quis, niſi Callimachus? ſi plus adpoſcere viſus

VER. 131. *And ſhook his head at Murray, as a Wit.* the filly conſolation of blockheads in all profeſſions, t whom nature has formed to excell, does it not by hi rior knowledge, but his wit: and ſo they keep themſe countenance as not fairly outdone, but only *out-witted*

See! ſtrow'd with learned duſt, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the ſun!
The boys flock round him, and the people ſtare:
So ſtiff, ſo mute! ſome ſtatue you would ſwear,
Stept from its pedeſtal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and ſoldiers, at their doors;
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Compoſing ſongs, for Fools to get by heart?
[m] The Temple late two brother Sergeants ſaw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents, theſe congenial ſouls
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one ſtunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you ſplit,
And ſhook his head at Murray, as a Wit.
'Twas, Sir, your law"--and "Sir, your eloquence."
Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Talbot's ſenſe,
[n] Thus we diſpoſe of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's ſpirit.
Call Tibbald Shakeſpear, and he'll ſwear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we ſtrut thro' Merlin's Cave, to ſee
No Poets there, but Stephen, you and me.
Walk with reſpect behind, while we at eaſe
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we pleaſe,
My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:

Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine creſcit.
Multa fero, ut placem *genus irritabile vatum*,
Cum ſcribo, et ſupplex populi ſuffragia capto:
Idem, finitis ſtudiis, et mente recepta,
Obturem patulas *impune legentibus* aures.
° Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum
Gaudent ſcribentes, et ſe venerantur, et ultro,
Si taceas, laudant; quidquid ſcripſere, beati.
At qui *legitimum* cupiet feciſſe poema,
Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti:
Audebit quaecunque parum ſplendoris habebunt,
Et *ſine pondere* erunt, et *honore indigna* ferentur,
Verba movere loco; quamvis *invita* recedant,
Et verſentur adhuc intra penetralia Veſtae:
P *Obſcurata* diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum,
Quae priſcis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc ſitus informis premit et deſerta vetuſtas:
Adſciſet *nova*, quae *genitor produxerit uſus*:

VER. 159. *not a word they ſpare,--That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,*] *Force* and *light* reſpect *figurative expreſſion*; and ſignify, that it be ſuch as awakes the imagination, and be taken from obvious ſubjects; for without the firſt quality it will want *force*; without the other, *light*.

I'm content, allow me Dryden's ſtrains,
d you ſhall riſe up Otway for your pains."
do I ſuffer, much, to keep in peace
ealous, waſpiſh, wrong-head, rhyming race;
nuch muſt flatter, if the whim ſhould bite
urt applauſe by printing what I write:
t the fit paſs o'er, I'm wiſe enough,
ip my ears to their confounded ſtuff.
ı vain, bad Rhymers all mankind reject,
treat themſelves with moſt profound reſpect;
› ſmall purpoſe that you hold your tongue,
prais'd within, is happy all day long:
›w ſeverely with themſelves proceed
ıen, who write ſuch Verſe as we can read?
own ſtrict Judges, not a word they ſpare,
wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
'er unwillingly it quits its place,
ho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
:hey'll degrade; and ſometimes, in its ſtead,
ownright charity revive the dead!
where a bold expreſſive phraſe appears,
: thro' the rubbiſh of ſome hundred years;
ıand old words that long have ſlept, to wake,
s, that wiſe Bacon, or brave Rawleigh ſpake;

bt and *care* reſpect *literal expreſſion*, the firſt marking
: character of the verb: the other of the noun; and
that in every propoſition, the *attribute* ſhould be
ant, and the *ſubject* preciſe.

Vehemens et *liquidus*, puroque ſimilimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua:
Luxuriantia compeſcet: nimis aſpera ſano
Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:
Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, et *torquebitur*, ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agreſtem Cyclopa movetur.
¶ Praetulerim ſcriptor delirus inerſque videri,
Dum mea *delectent* mala me, vel denique *fallant*,
Quam ſapere, et ringi. Fuit *haud ignobilis* Argis,
Qui ſe credebat miros audire tragoedos,
In vacuo laetus ſeſſor plauſorque *theatro*:
Caetera qui vitae ſervaret munia recto
More; bonus ſane vicinus, *amabilis* hoſpes,
Comis in uxorem? *poſſet* qui ignoſcere ſervis,
Et ſigno laeſo *non inſanire* lagenae:
Poſſet qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.

VER. 170. *For Uſe will father what's begot by Senſe*] A very fine and happy improvement on the *expreſſion*, if not on the *thought*, of his original

VER. 184. *There liv'd* in primo Georgii, *etc.*] The imitation of this ſtory of the *Madman* is as much ſuperior to his original, in the fine and eaſy manner of telling, as that of Bavius's Soldier comes ſhort of it. It is true the turn Horace gives the madman took, agrees better with the ſubject of his Epiſtle which is *Poetry*; and doubtleſs there were other beauties

r bid the new be Engliſh, ages hence,
'or Uſe will father what's begot by Senſe)
our the full tide of eloquence along,
rerenely pure, and yet divinely ſtrong,
ich with the treaſures of each foreign tongue;
une the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
at ſhow no mercy to an empty line:
hen poliſh all, with ſo much life and eaſe,
ou think 'tis Nature, and a knack to pleaſe:
But eaſe in writing flows from Art, not chance;
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
¶ If ſuch the plague and pains to write by rule,
etter (ſay I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
all, if you will, bad rhyming a diſeaſe,
here liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
worthy member, no ſmall fool, a Lord;
ho, tho' the Houſe was up, delighted ſate,
eard, noted, anſwer'd, as in full debate:
l all but this, a man of ſober life,
nd of his Friend, and civil to his Wife;
ot quite a madman, tho' a paſty fell,
nd much too wiſe to walk into a well.

which time has deprived us of. For it is in poetry as in inting, the moſt delicate touches go *firſt*; and, what is rſe, they agree in this too, that they are *laſt* obſerved. that, what between time and ill taſte, the greateſt beau- s are the ſhorteſt lived.

Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curiſque refectus,

Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,

Et redit ad ſeſe: Pol me occidiſtis, amici,

Non ſervaſtis, ait; cui ſit extorta voluptas,

Et demtus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.

[r] Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,

Et tempeſtivum *pueris* concedere ludum;

[s] Ac non verba ſequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,

Sed *verae numeroſque modoſque* ediſcere *vitae.*

Quocirca *mecum* loquor haec, tacituſque recordor;

[t] Si tibi nulla ſitim finiret copia lymphae,

Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parasti,

Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?

n, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
ey bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in ſhort, they
cur'd:
ıereat the gentleman began to ſtare—
'Friends! he cry'd, p—x take you for your care!
at from a Patriot of diſtinguiſh'd note,
ve bled and purg'd me to a ſimple Vote.
' Well, on the whole, plain proſe muſt be my fate:
iſdom (curſe on it) will come ſoon or late.
ere is a time when Poets will grow dull:
e'en leave verſes to the boys at ſchool:
rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
earn to ſmooth and harmonize my Mind,
ach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
ıd keep the equal meaſure of the Soul.
' Soon as I enter at my country door,
y mind reſumes the thread it dropt before;
ıoughts, which at Hyde park-corner I forgot,
eet and rejoin me, in the penſive Grot.
ıere all alone, and compliments apart,
ſk theſe ſober queſtions of my heart.
' If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
ou tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
he more you want, why not with equal eaſe
onfeſs as well your Folly, as Diſeaſe?
he heart reſolves this matter in a trice,
Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."

[u] Si vulnus tibi monſtrata radice vel herba
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba
Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui
Rem Dî donarint, illi decedere pravam
Stultitiam; et, cum ſis nihilo ſapientior, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus iſdem?
At ſi divitiae prudentem reddere poſſent,
Si cupidum timidumque minus te; nempe ruberes,
Viveret in terris, te ſi quis avarior uno.
[w] Si *proprium* eſt, quod quis libra mercatus et aere
eſt,
Quaedam (ſi credis *conſultis*) mancipat *uſus*:
Qui te paſcit ager, tuus eſt; et villicus Orbî,
Cum ſegetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,
Te dominum ſentit.
[x] das nummos; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum temeti: nempe modo iſto
Paulatim mercis agrum, fortaſſe trecentis,
Aut etiam ſupra nummorum millibus emtum.
Quid refert, vivas *numerata nuper*, an *olim*?

VER. 218. *When golden Angels, etc*] This illuſtration is much happier than what is employed in his original; as by raiſing pecuniary ideas, it prepares the mind for that morality it is brought to illuſtrate.

When golden Angels ceaſe to cure the Evil,
give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:
en ſervile Chaplains cry, that birth and place
ıe a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,
k in that breaſt, moſt dirty D---! be fair,
can you find out one ſuch lodger there?
ſtill, not heeding what your heart can teach,
go to church to hear theſe Flatt'rers preach.
ıdeed, could wealth beſtow or wit or merit,
rain of courage, or a ſpark of ſpirit,
: wiſeſt man might bluſh, I muſt agree,
)*** lov'd ſixpence, more than he.
If there be truth in Law, and Uſe can give
'roperty, that's yours on which you live.
ightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
ir fruits to you, confeſſes you its lord:
x Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, ſold to town.
Ven'ſon too, a guinea makes your own:
bought at thouſands, what with better wit
ı purchaſe as you want, and bit by bit;
v, or long ſince, what diff'rence will be found?
ı pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

ER. 220. *When ſervile Chaplains cry,*] Dr. Ken--t.
ER. 232. *delightful Abs-court.*] A farm over-againſt ıpton-Court.

[y] Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
Emtum coenat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
Sed *vocat* usque suum, qua populus adsita certis
Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia: tanquam
[z] Sit *proprium* quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horae,
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte suprema,
Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.
Sic, quia *perpetuus* nulli datur *usus*, et haeres
Haeredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam:
Quid *vici* prosunt, aut *horrea?*
Saltibus adjecti Lucani; si metit Orcus
Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?
[a] Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena sigilla, tabellas,
Argentum, vestes Gaetulo murice tinctas,
Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curat habere.

[y] VER. 248. *bang in Fortune's pow'r,---Looſe on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour.*] A modern idea (the magnetic needle) here ſupplied the Imitator with expreſſion much ſuperior to his Original.

[y] Heathcote himſelf, and ſuch large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'ſham, or of Lincoln fen,
Buy every ſtick of wood that lends them heat,
Buy ev'ry Pullet they afford to eat.
Yet theſe are Wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The Laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor, a Perpetuity ſhould ſtand:
Eſtates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
[z] Looſe on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By ſale, at leaſt by death, to change their lord.
Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what wou'dſt thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vaſt poſſeſſions (juſt the ſame the caſe
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chaſe)
Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
Join Cotſwood hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let riſing Granaries and Temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Encloſe whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death ſhall level all,
And trees, and ſtones, and farms, and farmer fall.

[a] Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vaſes ſculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Perſian dye,
There are who have not--and thank heav'n there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

[b] Cur alter fratrum *ceſſare*, et *ludere*, et *ungi*
Praeferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
Dives et *importunus*, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
Silveſtrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:
Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat aſtrum:
NATURAE DEUS HUMANAE, mortalis in unum
Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.

[c] Utar, et ex medico, quantum res poſcet, acervo
Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet *haeres*,
Quod non *plura datis* invenerit. et tamen idem
Scire volam, quantum ſimplex hilariſque nepoti
Diſcrepet, et quantum diſcordet parcus avaro.
Diſtat enim, ſpargas tua prodigus, an neque ſumtum

VER. 273. *All Townſhend's Turnips*] Lord Townſhend, Secretary of State to George the Firſt and Second--When this great Stateſman retired from buſineſs, he amuſed himſelf in Huſbandry; and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which ariſes from Turnips; it was the favourite ſubject of his converſation.

VER. 277. *fly, like Oglethorpe,*] Employed in ſettling the Colony of Georgia.

VER. 280. *That God of Nature, etc.*] Here our Poet had an opportunity of illuſtrating his own Philoſophy; and thereby giving a much better ſenſe to his Original; and correcting both the *naturaliſm* and the *fate* of Horace, which are covertly conveyed in theſe words,

what you will of Taſte, my friend, you'll
d,
face, as ſoon as of a mind.
wo brothers, rich and reſtleſs one
ns, manures, and toils from ſun to ſun;
ſlights, for women, ſports, and wines,
ſhend's Turnips, and all Grovenor's mines:
like Bu— with pay and ſcorn content,
votes on, in Court and Parliament;
'n by ſtrong Benevolence of ſoul,
like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole:
alone to that Directing Pow'r,
s the Genius in the natal hour;
l of Nature, who, within us ſtill,
ır action, not conſtrains our will,
temper, as of face or frame,
idual: His great End the ſame.
ir, how ſmall ſoever be my heap,
ill enjoy, as well as keep,
ıay ſigh, and think it want of grace
poor would live without a place:
› ſtatute in his favour ſays,
or frugal, I ſhall paſs my days:
ome times ſpend, at others ſpare
etween careleſſneſs and care.

Genius, natale comes qui temperat aſtrum,
TURAE DEUS HUMANAE.

8. *But ſure no ſtatute*] Alluding to the ſtatutes gland and Ireland, to regulate the Succeſſion of

Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores;
Ac potius, puer ut feſtis Quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore *raptim.*
[f] Pauperies immunda procul procul abſit: ego, ut
Nave ferar *magna* an *parva*; ferar *unus et idem.*
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone ſecundo:
Non tamen adverſis aetatem ducimus Auſtris
Viribus, ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis uſque priores.
[g] Non es avarus: abi. quid? caetera jam ſimul
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides?

VER. 312. *Survey both worlds.*] It is obſervable with what ſobriety he has corrected the licentiouſneſs of his Original, which made the expectation of another world a part of ſuperſtition, he would explode; whereas his Imitator is for removing the falſe terrors from the world of ſpirits, as the *diablerie* of witchcraft and purgatory.

s one thing madly to diſperſe my ſtore:
ther, not to heed to treaſure more;
d, like a Boy, to ſnatch the firſt good day,
l pleas'd, if ſordid want be far away.
What is't to me (a paſſenger God wot)
ether my veſſel be firſt-rate or not?
e ſhip itſelf may make a better figure,
I that ſail, am neither leſs nor bigger.
ither ſtrut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
r ſtrive with all the tempeſt in my teeth.
pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
ind the foremoſt, and before the laſt.
"But why all this of Av'rice? I have none."
iſh you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone;
does no other lord it at this hour,
wild and mad? the Avarice of pow'r?
es neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?
t the black fear of death, that ſaddens all?
th terrors round, can Reaſon hold her throne,
ſpiſe the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
vey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
ſpite of witches, devils, dreams and fire;
as'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
d count each birth-day with a grateful mind?

Natales grate numeras? ignoſcis amicis?
Lenior et melior fis accedente ſenecta?
Quid te exemta levat ſpinis de pluribus una?
[h] Vivere ſi recte neſcis, decede peritis.
Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atque bibiſti:
Tempus abire tibi eſt: ne potum largius aequo
Rideat, et pulſet laſciva decentius aetas.

s life no ſourneſs, drawn ſo near its end;
n'ſt thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
s age but melted the rough parts away,
winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
will you think, my friend, your buſineſs done,
hen, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one? 321
h Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
u've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
alk ſober off; before a ſprightlier age
mes titt'ring on, and ſhoves you from the ſtage:
ave ſuch to trifle with more grace and eaſe, 326
hom Folly pleaſes, and whoſe Follies pleaſe.

THE SATIRES OF Dr. JOHN DONNE,

Dean of ST. PAUL's,

VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et noſmet *Lucili* ſcripta legentes
Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negârit
Verſiculos natura magis factos, & euntes
Mollius? HOR.

SATIRE II.

SIR; though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town; yet there's one ſtate
In all ill things, ſo excellently beſt,
That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the reſt.
Though Poetry, indeed, be ſuch a ſin,
As I think, that brings *dearth* and *Spaniards* in:
Though like the peſtilence, and old-faſhion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be ſtarv'd out; yet their ſtate
Is poor, diſarm'd, like Papiſts, not worth hate.
One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which ſtands next, and cannot read.
And ſaves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,
(Starving himſelf) to live by's labour'd ſcenes.
As in ſome Organs, Puppits dance above
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move love by rythmes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms;

ATIRE II.

S; thank my ſtars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the ſenſe to hate it too:
re, as ev'n in Hell, there muſt be ſtill
iant-Vice, ſo excellently ill,
ll beſide, one pities, not abhors;
o knows Sappho, ſmiles at other whores.
ant that Poetry's a crying ſin;
ight (no doubt) th' *Exciſe* and *Army* in:
d like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows
ow,
at the cure is ſtarving, all allow.
ce the Papiſt's, is the Poet's ſtate,
nd diſarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
:e a lean Bard, whoſe wit could never give
lf a dinner, makes an Actor live:
hief condemn'd, in law already dead,
ompts, and ſaves a rogue who cannot read.
as the pipes of ſome carv'd Organ move,
ilded puppets dance and mount above.
d by the breath th' inſpiring bellows blow,
ıſpiring bellows lie and pant below.
e ſings the Fair; but ſongs no longer move;
it is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:

Rams, and ſlings now are ſilly battery,
Piſtolets are the beſt artillery.
And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like ſingers at doors for meat?
And they who write, becauſe all write, have ſtill
That 'ſcuſe for writing, and for writing ill.

But he is worſt, who beggarly doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digeſted, doth thoſe things out-ſpue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.

But theſe do me no harm, nor they which uſe,
. . . . . to out-uſure Jews,
T' out-drink the ſea, t' out-ſwear the Letanie,
Who with ſins all kinds as familiar be
As Confeſſors, and for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Whoſe ſtrange ſins Canoniſts could hardly tell
In which Commandment's large receit they dwell.

VER. 44. *In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.*] The Original is more humourous,

In which Commandment's large *receit* they dwell.

As if the *Ten Commandments* were ſo wide, as to ſtand ready to receive every thing within them, that either the *Law of Nature* or the *Goſpel commands*. A juſt ridicule on thoſe *practical Com-*

In love's, in nature's ſpite, the ſiege they hold,
And ſcorn the fleſh, the dev'l, and all but gold.
These write to Lords, ſome mean reward to get,
As needy beggars ſing at doors for meat.
Thoſe write becauſe all write, and ſo have ſtill
Excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit:
'Tis chang'd no doubt, from what it was before,
His rank digeſtion makes it wit no more:
Senſe, paſt thro' him, no longer is the ſame;
For food digeſted takes another name.
I paſs o'er all thoſe Confeſſors and Martyrs,
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Eſdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-uſure Jews, or Iriſhmen out-ſwear;
Wicked as Pages, who in early years
Act ſins which Priſca's Confeſſor ſcarce hears.
Ev'n thoſe I pardon, for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Of whoſe ſtrange crimes no Canoniſt can tell
In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.

mentators, as they are called, who include all moral and religious Duties within them. Whereas their true original ſenſe is much more confined, being a ſhort ſummary of duty fitted for a ſingle People, upon a particular occaſion, and to ſerve tranſitory ends.

But theſe puniſh themſelves. The inſolence
Of *Coſcus*, only, breeds my juſt offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, muſt make a calf an ox)
Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;
But ſcarce a Poet: jollier of this ſtate,
Than are new-benefic'd Miniſters, he throws
Like nets or lime-twigs whereſoe'er he goes
His title of Barriſter on ev'ry wench,
And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench. *
Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a Maid's ſoft ear:
More, more than ten Sclavonians ſcolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes roar.
Then ſick with Poetry, and poſſeſt with Muſe
Thou waſt, and mad I hop'd; but men which chuſe
Law practice for meer gain; bold ſoul repute
Worſe than imbrothel'd ſtrumpets proſtitute.

VER. 61. *Language, which Boreas*—] The Original has here a very fine ſtroke of ſatire.

Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes roar.

The frauds with which that work (ſo neceſſary for the welfare both of religion and the ſtate) was begun; the rapine with which it was carried on; and the diſſoluteneſs in which the plunder ariſing from it was waſted, had ſcandalized all ſober

One, one man only breeds my juſt offence;
Vhom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave Impu-
dence:
'ime, that at laſt matures a clap to pox,
Vhoſe gentle progreſs makes a calf an ox,
nd brings all natural events to paſs,
lath made him an Attorney of an Aſs.
lo young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
lore pert, more proud, more poſitive than he.
Vhat further could I wiſh the fop to do,
ut turn a wit, and ſcribble verſes too;
ierce the ſoft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear
Vith rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year?*
r court a Wife, ſpread out his wily parts,
ike nets or lime-twigs, for rich Widows hearts;
all himſelf Barriſter to ev'ry wench,
nd wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench?
nguage, which Boreas might to Auſter hold
ore rough than forty Germans when they ſcold.
Curs'd be the wretch, ſo venal and ſo vain:
ltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
'is ſuch a bounty as was never known,
PETER deigns to help you to your *own:*
hat thanks, what praiſe, if *Peter* but ſupplies,
nd what a ſolemn face if he denies!

n; and diſpoſed the beſt Proteſtants to wiſh, that ſome part that immenſe wealth, ariſing from the ſuppreſſion of the onaſteries, had been reſerved for Charity, Hoſpitality, and en for the public ſervice of Religion.

Now like an owl-like watchman he muſt walk,
His hand ſtill at a bill; now he muſt talk
Idly, like priſoners, which whole months will ſwe
That only ſuretyſhip hath brought them there,
And to every ſuitor lye in every thing,
Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
Bearing like aſſes, and more ſhameleſs farre
Than carted whores, lye to the grave Judge; fo
Baſtardy abounds not in King's titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,
As theſe things do in him; by theſe he thrives.
Shortly (as th' ſea) he'll compaſs all the land,
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* ſtrand
And ſpying heirs melting with Luxury,
Satan will not joy at their ſins as he:
For (as a thrifty wench ſcrapes kitchen-ſtuffe,
And barrelling the droppings, and the ſnuffe
Of waſting candles, which in thirty year,
Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and ſpends as much tir
Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draw
Aſſurances, big as gloſs'd civil laws,

Grave, as when pris'ners ſhake the head and ſwear
'Twas only Suretiſhip that brought 'em there.
His *Office* keeps your Parchment fates entire,
He ſtarves with cold to ſave them from the fire;
For you he walks the ſtreets thro' rain or duſt,
For not in Chariots *Peter* puts his truſt;
For you he ſweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witneſs he affects your cauſe,
And lies to ev'ry Lord in ev'ry thing,
Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
These are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * *
Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
Not more of baſtardy in heirs to Crowns,
In ſhillings and in pence at firſt they deal;
And ſteal ſo little, few perceive they ſteal;
Till like the Sea, they compaſs all the land,
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* ſtrand:
And when rank Widows purchaſe luſcious nights,
Or when a Duke to *Janſen* punts at White's,
Or City-Heir in mortgage melts away;
Satan himſelf feels far leſs joy than they.
Piecemeal they win this acre firſt, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole eſtate.
Then ſtrongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indentures, Cov'nants, Articles they draw,
Large as the fields themſelves, and larger far
Than Civil Codes, with all their Gloſſes, are;

So huge that men (in our times forwardneſs)
Are Fathers of the Church for writing leſs.
Theſe he writes not; nor for theſe written payes,
Therefore ſpares no length (as in thoſe firſt dayes
When *Luther* was profeſt, he did deſire
Short *Pater-noſters*, ſaying as a Fryer
Each day his Beads; but having left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's prayer, the power and glory clauſe)
But when he ſells or changes land, h'impaires
The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ſes heires*,
As ſlily as any Commenter goes by
Hard words, or ſenſe; or, in Divinity
As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out
Shrew'd words, which might againſt them clear the doubt.
Where are theſe ſpread woods which cloath'd heretofore
Thoſe bought lands? not built, not burnt within door.

VER. 104. *So Luther, etc.*] Our Poet, by judiciouſly tranſpoſing this fine ſimilitude, has given luſtre to his Author's thought. The Lawyer, (ſays Dr. Donne) enlarges the legal inſtruments for conveying property to the bigneſs of *gloſſes civil Laws*, when it is to ſecure his own ill-got wealth. But let the ſame Lawyer convey property for you, and he then omits even the neceſſary words; and becomes as conciſe and haſty as the looſe poſtils of a modern Divine. So *Luther* while a Monk, and, by his Inſtitution, obliged to ſay Maſs and pray in Perſon for others, thought even his *Pater-noſter* too long. But when he ſet up for a Governor in the Church and his buſineſs was to direct others how to pray for the ſucceſs of his new Model; he then lengthened the Pater-noſter

our new Divines, we muſt confeſs,
rs of the Church for writing leſs.
em write for you, each rogue impairs
ls, and dextrouſly omits, *ſes heires:*
nentator can more ſlily paſs
arn'd, unintelligible place;
iotation, ſhrewd Divines leave out
rds, that would againſt them clear the doubt.
her thought the Pater-noſter long,
om'd to ſay his beads and Even-ſong;
ig caſt his cowle, and left thoſe laws,
Chriſt's pray'r, the *Power and Glory* clauſe.
nds are bought; but where are to be found
cient woods, that ſhaded all the ground?
o new-built palaces aſpire,
ens emulate the veſtal fire.

clauſe. This repreſentation of the firſt part of his as to ridicule his want of devotion; as the other, tells us, that the *addition* was the *power and glory* to ſatirize his ambition; and both together to in-it, from a Monk, he was become totally *ſecularized.* this time of his life Dr. Donne had a ſtrong pro-Popery, which appears from ſeveral ſtrokes in s. We find amongſt his works, a ſhort ſatirical d a *Catalogue of rare books*, one article of which is *f. Lutherus de abbreviatione Orationis Dominicæ*, allud-ther's omiſſion of the concluding *Doxology*, in his hiſms, which ſhews he was fond of the joke; and, inſtance, (for the ſake of his moral) at the expence

As his putting Eraſmus and Reuchlin in the rank nd Agrippa, ſhews what were then his ſentiments ation.

Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls
Carthuſian Faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Mean's bleſt. In rich men's homes
I bid kill ſome beaſts, but no hecatombs;
None ſtarve, none ſurfeit ſo. But (oh) we allow
Good works as good, but out of faſhion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vaſt reach of th' huge ſtatutes jawes.

VER. 127. *Treaſon, or the Law.*] By the *Law* is here meant the *Lawyers.*

re thoſe troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore
d old landlord's hoſpitable door?
could wiſh, that ſtill in lordly domes
aſts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;
h extremes were baniſh'd from their walls,
in faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals;
nankind might that juſt Mean obſerve,
none e'er could ſurfeit, none could ſtarve.
good works, 'tis true, we all allow;
theſe works are not in faſhion now:
old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
y fine, but what no man will wear.
much I've ſaid, I truſt, without offence;
ourt Sycophant pervert my ſenſe,
nformer watch theſe words to draw
he reach of Treaſon, or the Law.

SATIRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My ſin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, ſuch as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and ſcant map of this.
My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
Poyſon'd with love to ſee or to be ſeen,
I had no ſuit there, nor new ſuit to ſhow,
Yet went to Court; but as Glare which did go
To Maſs in jeſt, catch'd, was fain to diſburſe
Two hundred markes, which is the Statutes curſe,
Before he ſcap'd; ſo it pleas'd my deſtiny
(Guilty of my ſin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
full, as proud, luſtfull, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witleſs, and as falſe, as they
Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.

VER. 10. *Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admir'd;*] *Courtiers* have the ſame pride *in admiring*, that *Poets* have *in being admir'd*. For Vanity is as often gratified in paying our court to our ſuperiors, as in receiving it from our inferiors.

SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the ſtage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
die in charity with fool and knave,
ecure of peace at leaſt beyond the grave.
've had my Purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my ſatires, all my rhymes.
The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys and empty names.
With fooliſh pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd;
hop'd for no commiſſion from his Grace;
bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verſes, nor new ſuit to ſhow;
Yet went to Court!—the Dev'l would have it ſo.
But, as the Fool that in reforming days
Would go to Maſs in jeſt (as ſtory ſays)
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd deſign of ſerving God;
So was I puniſh'd, as if full as proud
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as falſe, as they
Who live at Court, for going once that way!

Therefore I ſuffer'd this; towards me did run
A thing more ſtrange, than on Nile's ſlime the Sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came:
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
Stranger than ſeven Antiquaries ſtudies,
Than Africk Monſters, Guianaes rarities,
Stranger than ſtrangers: one who, for a Dane,
In the Danes Maſſacre had ſure been ſlain,
If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
When next the Prentices 'gainſt ſtrangers riſe;
One whom the watch at noon lets ſcarce go by;
One, to whom the examining Juſtice ſure would cry
Sir, by your Prieſthood tell me what you are?
His cloaths were ſtrange, tho' coarſe, and black though bare,
Sleeveleſs his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now (ſo much ground was ſeen)
Become Tufftaffaty; and our children ſhall
See it plain raſh a while, then nought at all.
The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, ſpeaks tongues,
And only knoweth what to all States belongs,
Made of th' accents, and beſt phraſe of all theſe,
He ſpeaks one language. If ſtrange meats diſpleaſe

was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
g which Adam had been pos'd to name;
ıad refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
all the Race of Reptiles might embark:
:r monſter, than on Africk's ſhore
n e'er got, or ſlimy Nilus bore,
ane or Woodward's wondrous ſhelves contain,
ll that lying Travellers can feign.
atch would hardly let him paſs at noon,
ıt, would ſwear him dropt out of the Moon.
ıom the mob, when next we find or make
ſh plot, ſhall for a Jeſuit take,
e wiſe Juſtice ſtarting from his chair
y your Prieſthood tell me what you are?
was the wight: Th' apparel on his back,
)arſe, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black:
it, if by the faſhion one might gueſs,
lvet in the youth of good Queen *Beſs*,
re tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
.e, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
ıs ſhall ſee it leiſurely decay,
n plain raſh, then vaniſh quite away.
thing has travel'd, ſpeaks each language too,
ows what's fit for ev'ry ſtate to do;
ſe beſt phraſe and courtly accent join'd,
ıs one tongue, exotic and refin'd.

Art can deceive, or hunger force my taſt;
But pedants motly tongue, ſoldiers bumbaſt,
Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are ſtrong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I muſt be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement
In which he can win widows, and pay ſcores,
Make men ſpeak treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt whores,
Out-flatter favourites, or out-lie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me; I whiſper, God
How have I ſinn'd, that thy wrath's furious Rod,
This fellow, chuſeth me! He ſaith, Sir,
I love your Judgment, whom you do prefer
For the beſt Linguiſt? and I ſeelily
Said that I thought Calepines Dictionary.
Nay, but of men, moſt ſweet Sir? Beza then,
Some Jeſuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies I nam'd: here
He ſtopt me, and ſaid, Nay your Apoſtles were

I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew,
himſelf I've heard, and Budgel too.
tor's Wormwood ſtyle, the Haſh of tongues
t makes, the ſtorm of Gonſon's lungs,
le Artill'ry of the terms of War,
thoſe plagues in one) the bawling Bar:
could bear; but not a rogue ſo civil,
ngue will compliment you to the devil.
, that can cheat Widows, cancel ſtores,
ots ſpeak treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt whores,
al Favourites in flatt'ry vie,
mixon and Burnet both out-lie.
es me out; I whiſper, Gracious God!
of mine could merit ſuch a rod?
the ſhot of dulneſs now muſt be
thy blunderbuſs diſcharg'd on me!
e cries) no ſtranger to your fame
your ſentiment if——'s your name.
ech eſteem you moſt? "The *King*'s," ſaid I.
eſt *words*?—"O Sir, the *Dictionary*."
my aim; I mean the moſt acute
eſt *Speaker*?—"Onſlow, paſt diſpute."
of writers? "Swift, for cloſer ſtyle,
s**y for a period of a mile."
'tis granted, theſe indeed may paſs:
nmon linguiſts, and ſo Panurge was;
th' Apoſtles (tho' perhaps too rough)
a pretty gift of Tongues enough:

Good pretty Linguiſts; ſo Panurgus was,
Yet a poor Gentleman; all theſe may paſs
By travail. Then, as if he would have ſold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and ſuch wonders told,
That I was fain to ſay, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been Interpreter
To Babels Bricklayers, ſure the Tower had ſtood.
He adds, If of Court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneneſs. I ſaid, Not alone
My loneneſs is; but Spartanes faſhion
To teach by painting drunkards doth not laſt
Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaſte;
No more can Princes Courts (though there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.
He like to a high-ſtretcht Lute-ſtring ſqueaks, O
Sir,
'Tis ſweet to talk of Kings. At Weſtminſter,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abby tombs,
And for his price, doth with whoever comes
Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
From King to King, and all their kin can walk:

were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
was Travel made them what they were.
thers talents having nicely ſhown,
by ſure tranſition to his own:
'd out, You prove yourſelf ſo able,
i was not Druggerman at Babel;
hey found a linguiſt half ſo good
) queſtion but the Tow'r had ſtood.
ging Sir! for Courts you ſure were made:
hen for ever bury'd in the ſhade?
like you, ſhould ſee and ſhould be ſeen,
ing would ſmile on you—at leaſt the Queen.
: Sir! your Courtiers ſo cajol us—
r has it, *Nunquam minus ſolus:*
r Courts, forgive me, if I ſay
; now are taught the Spartan way,
iis pictures Luſt be full diſplay'd,
he Converts Aretine has made:
the Court ſhow Vice exceeding clear,
uld, by my advice, learn Virtue there.
; entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
like a high-ſtretch'd luteſtring, and replies,
; the ſweeteſt of all earthly things
ze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!
ppy Man who ſhows the Tombs! ſaid I,
s amidſt the royal Family;
day from King to King can walk,
r Harries, all our Edwards talk,

Your ears ſhall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet
Kings only: the way to it is Kings-ſtreet.
He ſmack'd, and cry'd, He's baſe, mechanique, coarſe,
So are all your Engliſhmen in their diſcourſe,
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you ſee,
I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.
Certes they are neatly cloth'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
Not ſo, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaf'd him: but as Itch
Scratch'd into ſmart, and as blunt Iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worſe: So, I (fool) found,
Croſſing hurt me. To fit my ſullenneſs,
He to another key his ſtyle doth dreſs;
And aſks what news; I tell him of new playes,
He takes my hand, and as a Still which ſtayes
A Sembrief, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to inrich me, ſo tells many a ly.
More than ten Hollenſheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial houſhold trash: He knows, he knows

And get by ſpeaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, Eaſe and Bread.
"Lord, Sir, a meer Mechanic; ſtrangely low,
"And coarſe of phraſe,—your Engliſh all are ſo.
"How elegant your Frenchmen?" Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean.
"Oh! Sir, politely ſo! nay, let me die,
"Your only wearing is your Padua-ſoy."
Not, Sir, my only, I have better ſtill,
And this you ſee is but my diſhabille—
Wild to get looſe, his patience I provoke,
Miſtake, confound, object at all he ſpoke.
But as coarſe iron, ſharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch moſt hurts when anger'd to a ſore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis ſtill the curſe,
You only make the matter worſe and worſe.
He paſt it o'er; affects an eaſy ſmile
At all my peeviſhneſs, and turns his ſtyle.
He aſks, "What News? I tell him of new Plays,
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas.
He hears, and as a Still with ſimples in it
Between each drop it gives, ſtays half a minute,
Loth to inrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.
Meer houſhold traſh! of birth-nights, balls, and ſhows,
More than ten Hollinſheads, or Halls, or Stows.

When the *Queen* frown'd or ſmil'd, and he knows what
A ſubtle Stateſman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poiſon
Haſts to an offices reverſion;
Who waſtes in meat, in clothes, in horſe, he notes,
Who loveth whores . . . . . .
He knows who hath ſold his land, and now doth beg
A licence, old iron, boots, ſhoes, and egge-
Shells to tranſport;
ſhortly boys ſhall not play
At ſpan-counter, or blow point, but ſhall pay
Toll to ſome Courtier; and wiſer than all us,
He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, ſpue, ſpit,
Look pale and ſickly, like a Patient, yet
He thruſts on more, and as he had undertook,
To ſay Gallo-Belgicus without book,

VER. 151. *What Lady's face, etc.*] The Original is here very humorous. This torrent of ſcandel concludes thus,

And wiſer than all thus,
He knows what Lady

the reader expects it will conclude,---*what Lady is painted.* No, juſt the contrary,

what Lady is not painted,

ſatirically inſinuating, that that is a better Proof of the goodneſs of his intelligence than the other. The Reader ſees there is greater force in the uſe of theſe plain words, than in

When the *Queen* frown'd, or ſmil'd, he knows; and what
A ſubtle Miniſter may make of that:
Who ſins with whom: who got his Penſion rug,
Or quicken'd a Reverſion by a drug:
Whoſe place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a Biſhop, or a Whore:
Who having loſt his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a Government:
Who in the ſecret, deals in Stocks ſecure,
And cheats th'unknowing Widow and the Poor:
Who makes a Truſt of Charity a Job,
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob:
Why Turnpikes riſe, and now no Cit nor Clown
Can gratis ſee the country, or the town:
Shortly no lad ſhall chuck, or lady vole,
But ſome exciſing Courtier will have toll.
He tells what ſtrumpet places ſells for life,
What 'Squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
At laſt (which proves him wiſer ſtill than all)
What Lady's face is not a whited wall.

As one of Woodward's patients, ſick, and ſore,
I puke, I nauſeate,—yet he thruſts in more:

thoſe which the Imitator employs. And the reaſon is, becauſe the ſatire does not turn upon the *odiouſneſs* of painting; in which caſe the terms of a *painted wall* had given force to the expreſſion; but upon the *frequency* of it, which required only the ſimple name.

Speaks of all States and deeds that have been ſince
The Spaniards came to th' loſs of Amyens.
Like a big wife, at ſight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail: ſo I ſigh, and ſweat
To hear this Makaron talk: in vain, for yet,
Either my humour, or his own to fit.
He like a priviledg'd ſpie, whom nothing can
Diſcredit, libels now 'gainſt each great man.
He names the price of ev'ry office paid;
He ſaith our wars thrive ill becauſe delaid;
That Offices are intail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, laſting as far
As the laſt day; and that great Officers
Do with the Spaniards ſhare, and Dunkirkers.
I more amaz'd than Circes priſoners, when
They felt themſelves turn beaſts, felt myſelf then
Becoming Traytor, and methought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw
To ſuck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venemous Leachers do grow ſound
By giving others their ſores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did ſhow

VER. 167. *fall endlong*] The ſudden effect of the tranſformation is ſtrongly and finely painted to the imagination, not in the ſound, but in the ſenſe of theſe two words.

rope's balance, tops the ſtateſman's part,
Gazettes and Poſt-boys o'er by heart.
ſ wife at ſight of loathſome meat
caſt, I yawn, I ſigh, and ſweat.
ı licens'd ſpy, whom nothing can
hurt, he libels the great Man;
'ry place entail'd for years to come,
cceſſion to the day of doom:
ſ the price for ev'ry office paid,
our wars thrive ill, becauſe delay'd:
ſ, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
in robs on, and Dunkirk's ſtill a Port.
: amazement ſeiz'd on Circe's gueſts,
emſelves fall endlong into beaſts,
ne, to find a ſubject ſtay'd and wiſe
ıalf turn'd traytor by ſurprize.
infection ſlide from him to me,
pox, ſome give it to get free;
k to ſwallow me, methought I ſaw
ır Giant Statutes ope its jaw.
nice Moment, as another Lye
: a-tilt, the Miniſter came by.
ıe flies, and bows, and bows again,
ɔſe as Umbra, joins the dirty train.

All ſigns of loathing; but ſince I am in,
I muſt pay mine, and my forefathers ſin
To the laſt farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and ſtubbornly I bear; but th' hower
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'ſcape a torturing,
And ſays, Sir, can you ſpare me—? I ſaid, Willingly;
Nay, Sir, can you ſpare me a crown? Thankfully I
Gave it, as ranſom; but as fidlers, ſtill,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thruſt one more jigg upon you: ſo did he
With his long complimental thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the Prerogative of my Crown; ſcant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did ſee
All the Court fill'd with more ſtrange things than he)
Ran from thence with ſuch, or more haſt than one
Who fears more actions, doth haſt from priſon.
At home in wholeſome ſolitarineſs
My piteous ſoul began the wretchedneſs
Of ſuiters at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he ſaw hell, did advance
It ſelf o'er me: ſuch men as he ſaw there
I ſaw at court, and worſe and more. Low fear

VER. 184. *Bear me,*] Theſe four lines are wonderfully ſublime. His impatience in this region of *vice*, is like that of Virgil, in the region of *heat*. They both call out as if they were half ſtifled by the ſulphury air of the place,

Fannius' ſelf more impudently near,
n half his noſe is in his Prince's ear.
k'd at heart; and ſtill afraid, to ſee
he Court fill'd with ſtranger things than he,
out as faſt, as one that pays his bail,
dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
ar me, ſome God! oh quickly bear me hence
holſome Solitude, the nurſe of ſenſe:
e Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
he free ſoul looks down to pity Kings!
ſober thought purſu'd th' amuſing theme,
ancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
ion hermits can to Hell tranſport,
orc'd ev'n me to ſee the damn'd at Court.
)ante dreaming all th' infernal ſtate,
l ſuch ſcenes of envy, ſin, and hate.
ear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Tyrants, Plunderers, but ſuits not me:

O qui me gelidis---
O quickly bear me hence.

. 188. *There ſober thought*] Theſe two lines are re-
le for the delicacy and propriety of the expreſſion.
. 194. *Baſe Fear.*] Theſe four admirable lines become
a office he had aſſumed, and ſo nobly ſuſtained.

Becomes the guilty, not th' accuſer: Then,
Shall I, none's ſlave, of high-born or rais'd men
Fear frowns; and my miſtreſs Truth, betray thee
For th' huffing, bragart, puft nobility?
No, no, thou which ſince yeſterday haſt been,
Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeen,
O ſun in all thy journey, vanity,
Such as ſwells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your [h] Waxen garden, and
Tranſported it from Italy, to ſtand
With us at London, flouts our Courtiers; for
Juſt ſuch gay painted things, which no ſap, nor
Taſte have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the ſtocks [c] are; their fruits baſtard all.
'Tis ten a Clock and paſt; all whom the mues,
Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the ſtews
Had all the morning held, now the ſecond
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the *Preſence*, and I (God pardon me)
As freſh and ſweet their Apparels be, as be

[h] A ſhow of the Italian Garden in Waxwork, in the time of King James the Firſt.

[c] That is, of wood.

VER. 206. *Court in wax!* A famous ſhow of the Court of France, in Wax-work.

VER. 213. *At Fig's, at White's,*] White's was a noted gaming-houſe: Fig's, a Prize-fighter's Academy, where the

Shall I, the Terror of this ſinful town,
Care, if a liv'ry'd Lord or ſmile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and deteſt who can,
Tremble before a noble Serving-man?
O my fair miſtreſs, Truth! ſhall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puft Nobility?
Thou, who ſince yeſterday haſt roll'd o'er all
The buſy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Haſt thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier ſort,
Than ſuch as ſwell this bladder of a court?
Now pox on thoſe who ſhew a *Court in wax!*
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:
Such painted puppits! ſuch a varniſh'd race
Of hollow gew-gaws, only dreſs and face!
Such waxen noſes, ſtately ſtaring things—
No wonder ſome folks bow, and think them Kings.

See! where the Britiſh youth, engag'd no more,
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whole,
Pay their laſt duty to the Court, and come
All freſh and fragrant, to the drawing-room;
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they ſold to look ſo fine.

young Nobility received inſtruction in thoſe days: It was alſo cuſtomary for the nobility and gentry to viſit the condemned criminals in Newgate.

Their fields they ſold to buy them. For a king
Thoſe hoſe are, cry the flatterers: and bring
Them next week to the theatre to ſell.
Wants reach all ſtates: me ſeems they do as well
At ſtage, as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks
(For themſelves dare not go) o'er Cheapſide books,
Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
The Ladies come. As pirates (which do know
That there came weak ſhips fraught with Cutchanel)
The men board them; and praiſe (as they think well,
Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought
Why goods wits ne'er wear ſcarlet gowns, I thought
This cauſe, Theſe men, mens wits for ſpeeches buy,
And women buy all red which ſcarlets dye.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair looſe ſet [d].
Wouldn't Heraclitus laugh to ſee Macrine
From hat to ſhoe, himſelf at door refine,
As if the Preſence were a Moſque: and lift
His ſkirts and hoſe, and call his clothes to ſhrift,
Making them confeſs not only mortal
Great ſtains and holes in them, but venial

[d] i. e. Conſcious that both her complexion and her hai are borrow'd, ſhe ſuſpects that, when, in the common can of flatterers, he calls her *beauty lime-twigs*, and her *hair a n*

velvet for a King?" the flatt'rer ſwears;
for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
t may juſtly to our ſtage give rules,
s it both to fools-coats and to fools.
not players ſtrut in courtiers cloaths?
are actors too, as well as thoſe:
ich all ſtates; they beg but better dreſt,
ſplendid poverty at beſt.
for ſight, and eſſenc'd for the ſmell,
ites fraught with ſpice and cochine'l,
: Ladies: how each pyrate eyes
. veſſel, and ſo rich a prize!
nt he, and ſhe in all her trim,
ng her, ſhe ſtriking ſail to him:
ounteſs! you have charms all hearts to hit!"
weet Sir Fopling! you have ſo much wit!"
and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
he beauty and the wit are bought.
ourſt ev'n Heraclitus with the ſpleen,
oſe anticks, Foplin and Courtin:
nce ſeems, with things ſo richly odd,
ue of Mahound, or ſome queer Pa god,
ſurvey their limbs by Durer's rules,
u-kind the beſt proportion'd fools!

vers, he means to inſinuate that her colours are
d on, and her borrowed hair looſely woven.
o. *Durer's rules.*] Albert Durer.

Feathers and duſt, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by Durer's rules ſurvey the ſtate
Of his each limb, and with ſtrings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waſte to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
Perfect as Circles, with ſuch nicety
As a young Preacher at his firſt time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
Him not ſo much as good will, he arreſts,
And unto her proteſts, proteſts, proteſts,
So much as at Rome would ſerve to have thrown
Ten Cardinals into the *Inquiſition*;
And whiſpers by *Jeſu* ſo oft, that a
Purſuevant would have raviſh'd him away
For ſaying our Lady's Pſalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough careleſneſs, good faſhion:
Whoſe cloak his ſpurs tear, or whom he ſpits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he ruſhes in, as if Arm, arm,
He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Chriſt, ſtill

Adjuſt their cloaths, and to confeſſion draw
Thoſe venials ſins, an atom, or a ſtraw;
But oh! what terrors muſt diſtract the ſoul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole;
Or ſhould one pound of powder leſs beſpread
Thoſe monkey tails that wag behind their head.
Thus finiſh'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.
So firſt to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes,
With band of Lily, and with cheek of Roſe,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatleſs itſelf impertinent in him.
Let but the Ladies ſmile, and they are bleſt:
Prodigious! how the things *proteſt*, *proteſt*:
Peace, fools, or Gonſon will for Papiſts ſeize you,
If once he catch you at your *Jeſu! Jeſu!*
Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,
Juſt as one Beauty mortifies another.
But here's the Captain that will plague them both,
Whoſe air cries Arm! whoſe very look's an oath:
The Captain's honeſt, Sirs, and that's enough,
Tho' his ſoul's bullet, and his body buff.
He ſpits fore-right; his haughty cheſt before,
Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door:
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapeſtry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curſe,
Has yet a ſtrange ambition to look worſe;

He ſtrives to look worſe; he keeps all in awe;
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Tir'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd
As men from goals to execution go,
Go, through the great chamber (why it is hung
With the ſeven deadly ſins?) being among
Thoſe *Aſkaparts* [b], men big enough to throw
Charing-Croſs for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
Living; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
I ſhook like a ſpied Spie—Preachers which are
Seats of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the ſins of this place, but as for me
Which am but a ſcant brook, enough ſhall be
To waſh the ſtains away: Although I yet
(With *Maccabees* modeſty) the known merit
Of my work leſſen, yet ſome wiſe men ſhall,
I hope, eſteem my Writs Canonical.

[b] A Giant famous in Romances.

Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands the law.
Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it ſo
As men from Jayls to execution go;
For hung with deadly ſins I ſee the wall,
And lin'd with Giants deadlier than 'em all:
Each man an *Aſkapart*, of Strength to toſs
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-croſs.
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I ſweat, I fly,
And ſhake all o'er like a diſcover'd ſpy.
Courts are too much for wits ſo weak as mine:
Charge them with Heaven's Artill'ry, bold Divine!
From ſuch alone the Great rebukes endure,
Whoſe Satire's ſacred, and whoſe rage ſecure:
'Tis mine to waſh a few light ſtains, but theirs
To deluge ſin, and drown a Court in tears.
Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my Wit,
In time to come, may paſs for holy writ.

VER. 274. *For hung with deadly ſins*] The Room hung with old Tapeſtry, repreſenting the ſeven deadly ſins.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES,

In Two DIALGGUES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

PILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

R. NOT twice a twelve-month you appear in Print,
d when it comes, the Court ſee nothing in't.
grow correct, that once with Rapture writ,
d are, beſides, too *moral* for a Wit.

VARIATIONS.

ter ver. 2. in the MS.
You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
Becauſe you think your reputation made:
Like good ** of whom ſo much was ſaid,
That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.
Come, come, refreſh us with a livelier ſong,
Or like ** you'll lie a-bed too long.

VER. 1. *Not twice a twelve-month, etc.*] Theſe two lines e from Horace; and the only lines that are ſo in the hole Poem; being meant to give a handle to that which llows in the character of an impertinent Cenſurer,

'Tis all from Horace; etc. P.

Decay of Parts, alas! we all muſt feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I ſee you ſteal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "'Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at Fools who put their truſt in Peter."
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo obſerves, he laſh'd no ſort of *Vice:*
Horace would ſay, Sir Billy *ſerv'd the Crown,*
Blunt could *do Buſ'neſs,* H-ggins *knew the Town;*
In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex,*
In rev'rend Biſhops note ſome *ſmall Neglects,*
And own, the Spaniard did *a waggiſh thing,*
Who cropt our Ears, and ſent them to the King.
His ſly, polite, inſinuating ſtyle
Could pleaſe at Court, and make AUGUSTUS ſmile:

VARIATIONS.

P. Sir, what I write, ſhould be correctly writ.
F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit.
Beſides, you grow too moral for a Wit.

VER. 12. *Bubo obſerves,*] Some guilty perſon very fond of making ſuch an obſervation:

VER. 14. *H--ggins*] Formerly Jaylor of the Fleet priſon, enrich'd himſelf by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled.

VER. 18. *Who cropt our Ears,*] Said to be executed by the Captain of a Spaniſh ſhip on one Jenkins, a Captain of an Engliſh one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the King his maſter.

r artful Manager, that crept between
s Friend and Shame, and was a kind of *Screen.*
it 'faith your very Friends will ſoon be ſore:
triots there are, who wiſh you'd jeſt no more—
ad where's the Glory! 'twill be only thought
he Great man never offer'd you a groat,
o ſee Sir ROBERT——

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—
nd never laugh—for all my life to come?
:en him I have, but in his happier hour
f Social Pleaſure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r;
:en him, uncumber'd with the Venal tribe,
nile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
'ould he oblige me? let me only find,
:e does not think me what he thinks mankind.

VER. 22: *Screen.*]

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admiſſus circum præcordia ludit Perſ.

Ibid. *Screen.*] A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain perſon in power.

VER. 24. *Patriots there are, etc.*] This appellation was generally given to thoſe in oppoſition to the Court. Though me of them (which our author hints at) had views too ean and intereſted to deſerve that name.

VER. 26. *The Great man*] A phraſe, by common uſe, appropriated to the firſt miniſter.

VER. 31. *Seen him, uncumber'd*] Theſe two verſes were nginally in the poem, though omitted in all the firſt editions.

VER. 34. *what he thinks mankind.*] This requeſt ſeems ſome-hat abſurd: but not more ſo than the principle it refers to. hat great Miniſter, it ſeems, thought all mankind Rogues; nd that every one had his price. It was uſually given as a

Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.
F. Why yes: with *Scripture* ſtill you may be free;
A Horſe-laugh, if you pleaſe, at *Honeſty*;
A Joke on JEKYL, or ſome odd *Old Whig*
Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig:
A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:
Theſe nothing hurts; they keep their Faſhion ſtill,
And wear their ſtrange old Virtue, as they will.
If any aſk you, "Who's the Man, ſo near
"His Prince, that writes in Verſe, and has his ear?

proof of his penetration, and extenſive knowlege of the world. Others perhaps would think it an inſtance of a narrow underſtanding, that, from a few of Rochefoucault's *maxims*, and the corrupt practice of thoſe he commonly converſed with, would thus boldly pronounce upon the character of his Species. It is certain, that a Keeper of Newgate, who ſhould make the ſame concluſion, would be heartily laughed at.

VER. 37. *Why yes: with Scripture, etc.*] A ſcribler, whoſe only chance for reputation is the falling in with the faſhion, is apt to employ this infamous expedient for the preſervation of his fleeting exiſtence. But a true Genius could not do a fooliſher thing, or ſooner defeat his own aim. The ſage Boileau uſed to ſay on this occaſion, "Une ouvrage "ſevere peut bien plaire aux libertins; mais un ouvrage "trop libre plaira jamais aux perſonnes ſeveres."

VER. 39. *A Joke on Jekyl*] Sir Joſeph Jekyl, Maſter of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmoſt probity. He ſometimes voted againſt the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here deſcribed of ONE who beſtowed it equally upon Religion and Honeſty. He died a few months after the publication of this poem.

hy, anſwer, LYTTELTON, and I'll engage
he worthy Youth ſhall ne'er be in a rage:
it were his Verſes vile, his Whiſper baſe,
ou'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny*'s caſe.
janus, Wolſey, hurt not honeſt FLEURY,
it well may put ſome Stateſmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
heſe you but anger, and you mend not thoſe.
ugh at your friends, and, if your Friends are ſore,
much the better, you may laugh the more,
o Vice and Folly to confine the jeſt,
ts half the world, God knows, againſt the reſt;
id not the Sneer of more impartial men
t Senſe and Virtue, balance all agen.
idicious Wits ſpread wide the Ridicule,
nd charitably comfort Knave and Fool.
P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:
dieu Diſtinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!

VER. 47. *Why, anſwer, Lyttelton.*] George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, diſtinguiſhed both for his ritings and ſpeeches in the ſpirit of Liberty.

VER. 51. *Sejanus, Wolſey,*] The one the wicked miniſter Tiberius: the other, of Henry VIII. The writers againſt e Court uſually beſtowed theſe and other odious names on e Miniſter, without diſtinction, and in the moſt injurious anner. See Dial. II. ver. 137.

Ibid. *Fleury,*] Cardinal: and Miniſter to Louis XV. It was Patriot-faſhion, at that time, to cry up his wiſdom and oneſty.

Come, harmleſs Characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's Oratory, Oſborn's Wit!
The Honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Y—ng!
The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Senſe
That Firſt was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.
O come, that eaſy Ciceronian ſtyle,
So Latin, yet ſo Engliſh all the while,
As, tho' the Pride of Middleton and Bland,
All Boys may read, and Girls may underſtand!
Then might I ſing, without the leaſt offence,
And all I ſung ſhould be the *Nation's Senſe*;
Or teach the melancholy Muſe to mourn,
Hang the ſad Verſe on CAROLINA's Urn,
And hail her paſſage to the Realms of Reſt,
All Parts perform'd, and *all* her Children bleſt!

VER. 66. *Henley—Oſborn.*] See them in their places in the Dunciad.

VER. 69. *The gracious Dew*] Alludes to ſome court ſermons, and florid panegyrical ſpeeches: particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries; which afterwards got into an addreſs in the ſame pretty ſtyle; and was laſtly ſerved up in an Epitaph, between Latin and Engliſh, publiſhed by its author.

VER. 78. *Nation's Senſe*;] The cant of Politics at that time.

VER. 80. *Carolina.*] Queen conſort to King George II. She died in 1737. Her death gave occaſion, as is obſerved above, to many indiſcreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whoſe laſt moments manifeſted the utmoſt courage and reſolution.

tire is no more—I feel it die—
zetteer more innocent than I—
t, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave
:'d thro' Life, and flatter'd in his Grave.
Vhy ſo? if Satire knows its Time and Place,
ll may laſh the greateſt—in Diſgrace:
:rit will by turns forſake them all;
you know when? exactly when they fall.
all Satire in all Changes ſpare
:al S—k, and grave De——re!
ınd ſoft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
es diſſolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
nay ſome gentle miniſterial Wing
:, and place for ever near a King!
where no Paſſion, Pride, or Shame tranſport,
vith the ſweet Nepenthe of a Court;

92. *Immortal S--k, and grave De--re!*] A title given l by King James II. He was of the Bedchamber to lliam; he was ſo to King George I. he was ſo to King I. *This* Lord was very ſkilful in all the forms of the ı which he diſcharged himſelf with great gravity.

97. *There, where no Paſſion, etc.*] The excellent *l'Eſprit des Loix* gives the following character of the Courts, and the *Principle* of Monarchies: "Qu'on que les Hiſtoriens de tous les tems ont dit ſur la Cour ſonarques; qu'on ſe rapelle les converſations des ıes de tous les Païs ſur le miſerable caractère des TISANS; ce ne ſont point des choſes de ſpeculation, l'une triſte expérience. L'ambition dans l'oiſiveté, la e dans l'orgueil, le deſir de s'enrichir ſans travail, ſion pour la verité; la flaterie, la trahiſon, la perfidie, don de tous ſes engagemens, le mepris des devoirs du

There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's diſgrace
Once break their reſt, or ſtir them from their Place:
But paſt the Senſe of human Miſeries,
All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to bluſh, no heart to throb,
Save when they loſe a Queſtion, or a Job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I ſhould blaſt their glory,
Who know how like Whig Miniſters to Tory,
And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could ſcarce be vext,
Conſid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.
Have I in ſilent wonder, ſeen ſuch things
As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings;
And at a Peer, or Peereſs, ſhall I fret,
Who ſtarves a Siſter, or forſwears a Debt?

VARIATIONS:

Ver. 112. in ſome editions,
Who ſtarves a Mother,

" Citoyen, la crainte de la vertu du Prince, l'eſperance de ſes " foibleſſes, et plus, que tout cela, LE RIDICULE PERPETUEL " JETTE SUR LA VERTU, ſont, je crois, le Caractére de la " plupart des Courtiſans marqué dans tous les lieux et dans " tous les tems. Or il eſt très mal-aiſé que les Principaux " d'un Etat ſoient malhonnêtes-gens, & que les inferieurs " ſoient gens-de-bien, que ceux-la ſoyent trompeurs, & que " ceux-ci conſentent à n'être que dupes. Que ſi dans le " Peuple il ſe trouve quelque malheureux honnête-homme, le " Cardinal de Richelieu dans ſon *Teſtament politique* inſinue, " qu'un Monarque doit ſe garder de s'en ſervir. Tant-il eſt " vrai que laVertu n'eſt pas le reſſort de ce Gouvernment."

VER. 108. *gracious Prince*] The ſtyle of Addreſſes on an accession.

rtue, I grant you, is an empty boaſt;
at ſhall the Dignity of *Vice* be loſt?
e Gods! ſhall Cibber's Son, without rebuke,
vear like a Lord, or Rich out-whore a Duke?
Fav'rite's Porter with his Maſter vie,
e brib'd as often, and as often lie?
all Ward draw Contracts with a Stateſman's ſkill?
r Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will?
it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things)
o pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?
Blount diſpatch'd himſelf, he play'd the man,
nd ſo may'ſt thou, illuſtrious Paſſeran!
ut ſhall a Printer, weary of his life,
earn, from their Books, to hang himſelf and Wife?

VER. 113. Virtue, *I grant you, is an empty boaſt*;] A ſatirical nbiguity--either that thoſe *ſtarve who have it*, or that thoſe ho *boaſt of it, have it not*: and both together (he inſinuates) ake up the preſent ſtate of *modern virtue*.

VER. 115. *Cibber's Son,—Rich*] Two players: look for em in the Dunciad.

VER. 123. *If Blount.*] Author of an impious and fooliſh ook called *the Oracles of Reaſon*, who being in love with a ar kinſwoman of his, and rejected, gave himſelf a ſtab in e arm, as pretending to kill himſelf, of the conſequence which he really died.

VER. 124. *Paſſeran!*] Author of another book of the ſame amp, called, *A philoſophical diſcourſe on death*, being a dence of ſuicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, baniſhed om his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmoſt ſery, yet feared to practiſe his own precepts.---This unppy man at laſt died a penitent.

VER. 125. *But ſhall a Printer, etc.*] A Fact that happened in ondon a few years paſt. The unhappy man left behind him

This, this, my friend, I cannot, muſt not bear;
Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care:
This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on *Gin*.
Let modeſt FOSTER, if he will, excell
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
A ſimple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
Out-do Landaffe in Doctrine,—yea in Life:
Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame,
Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it Fame.

a paper juſtifying his action by the reaſonings of ſome of theſe authors.

VER. 129. *This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,*] Alluding to the *forms of prayer*, compoſed in the times of public calamity; where the fault is generally laid upon the *People*.

VER. 130. *Gin.*] A ſpirituous liquor, the exorbitant uſe of which had almoſt deſtroyed the loweſt rank of the People till it was reſtrained by an act of Parliament in 1736.

VER. 134. *Landaffe.*] A poor Biſhoprick in Wales, as poorly ſupplied.

VER. 135. *Let humble* ALLEN *with an aukward Shame,--Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it Fame.*] We are ſo abſolutely governed by cuſtom, that to act contrary to it, creates even in virtuous men, who are ever modeſt, a kind of diffidence, which is the parent of *Shame*. But when, to this, there is joined a conſciouſneſs that, in forſaking cuſtom, you follow truth and reaſon, the indignation ariſing from ſuch a conſcious virtue, mixing with *Shame*, produces that amiable *aukwardneſs*, in going out of the faſhion, which the Poet, here, celebrates:

and bluſh to find it Fame,

i. e. He bluſhed at the degeneracy of his times, which, at beſt, gave his goodneſs its due commendation (the thing he never aimed at) inſtead of following and imitating his example,

Virtue may chooſe the high or low Degree,
'Tis juſt alike to Virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's ſtill the ſame, belov'd, contented thing,
Vice is undone, if ſhe forgets her Birth,
And ſtoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth:
But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore;
Let *Greatneſs* own her, and ſhe's mean no more,
Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confeſs,
Chaſte Matrons praiſe her, and grave Biſhops bleſs;
In golden Chains the willing World ſhe draws,
And hers the Goſpel is, and hers the Laws,
Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her ſcarlet head,
And ſees pale Virtue carted in her ſtead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal Car,
Old England's Genius, rough with many a Scar,
Dragg'd in the duſt! his arms hang idly round,
His Flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our Youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold,
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!

which was the reaſon why ſome acts of it were not done by *ſtealth*, but more openly.

VER. 138. *'Tis juſt alike to Virtue, and to me*;] He gives the reaſon for it, in the line that preſently follows,

She's ſtill the ſame, *belov'd, contented* thing.

So that the ſenſe of the text is this, "It is all one to *Virtue* on "whom her influence falls, whether on high or low, becauſe "it ſtill produces the ſame effect, *their content*; and it is all one "to *me*, becauſe it ſtill produces the ſame effect, *my love*."

See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,
That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME.
In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!
See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
See, all our Fools aſpiring to be Knaves!
The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,
Are what ten thouſand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
At Crimes that 'ſcape, or triumph o'er the Law:
While Truth, Worth, Wiſdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is Sacred now but Villainy."
Yet may this Verſe (if ſuch a Verſe remain)
Show, there was one who held it in diſdain.

VER. 165. *The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,--Are what ten thouſand envy and adore:*] And no wonder, for the *wit of Cheats* being the evaſion of Juſtice, and the *Courage of a Whore* the contempt for reputation; theſe emancipate men from the two tyrannical reſtraints upon *free ſpirits*, fear of *puniſhment*, and dread of *ſhame*.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE II.

R.

'TIS all a Libel—Paxton (Sir) will ſay
P. Not yet, my Friend! to morrow 'faith it may;
nd for that very cauſe I print to day.
low ſhould I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
n rev'rence to the Sins of *Thirty nine!*
'ice with ſuch Giant ſtrides comes on amain,
ıvention ſtrives to be before in vain;
eign what I will, and paint it e'er ſo ſtrong,
ome riſing Genius ſits up to my Song.

VER. 1. *Paxton,*] Late ſollicitor to the Treaſury.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty laſh:
Ev'n Guthry ſaves half Newgate by a Daſh.
Spare then the Perſon, and expoſe the Vice.
P. How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?
Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and ſouce on all the kind.
Ye Stateſmen, Prieſts, of one Religion all!
Ye Tradeſmen, vile, in Army, Court, or Hall;
Ye Rev'rend Atheiſts. F. Scandal! name them, Who!
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who ſtarv'd a Siſter, who forſwore a Debt,
I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.
The pois'ning Dame—F. You mean—P. I don't.
F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!
The bribing Stateſman—F. Hold, too high you go.
P. The brib'd Elector—F. There you ſtoop too low.
P. I fain would pleaſe you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?

VER. 11. *Ev'n Guthry.*] The Ordinary of Newgate, who publiſhes the memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be ſo tender of their reputation, as to ſet down no more than the initials of their name.

VER. 13. *How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?* The livelineſs of the reply may excuſe the bad reaſoning otherwiſe *the dice*, tho' they rhyme to *vice*, can never ſtand for it, which his argument requires they ſhould do. For the *dice* are only the *inſtruments* of fraud; but the queſtion is not, whether the *inſtrument*, but whether the *act* committed by it, ſhould be expoſed, inſtead of the perſon.

aſt great Offenders, once eſcap'd the Crown,
ke Royal Harts, be never more run down?
lmit your Law to ſpare the Knight requires,
Beaſts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?
ppoſe I cenſure—you know what I mean—
ſave a Biſhop, may I name a Dean?
F. A Dean, Sir? no: his Fortune is not made,
u hurt a man that's riſing in the Trade.
P. If not the Tradeſman who ſet up to day,
ach leſs the 'Prentice who to morrow may.
wn, down, proud Satire! tho' a Realm be ſpoil'd,
raign no mightier Thief than wretched *Wild*;
, if a Court or Country's made a job,
drench a Pick-pocket, and join the Mob.
But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)
e matter's weighty, pray conſider twice;
ve you leſs pity for the needy Cheat,
e poor and friendleſs Villain, than the Great?

ER. 29. *Like Royal Hearts, etc.*] Alluding to the old ne-laws, when our Kings ſpent all the time they could e from human ſlaughter, in Woods and Foreſts.

ER. 35. *You hurt a man that's riſing in the Trade.*] For, he reaſonable *De la Bruyere* obſerves, "Qui ne ſait être n ERASME, doit penſer à être *Evêque*."

ER. 39. *wretched Wild,*] Jonathan Wild, a famous Thief, Thief-Impeacher, who was at laſt caught in his own and hanged.

ER. 42. *for the love of Vice*] We muſt conſider the Poet ere directing his diſcourſe to a follower of the new ſyſtem olitics, That *private vices are publick benefits.* SCRIBL.

Alas! the ſmall Diſcredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better ſure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;
Still better, Miniſters; or, if the thing
May pinch ev'n there— why lay it on a King.
F. Stop! ſtop!
P. Muſt Satire, then, nor riſe nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.
F. Yes, ſtrike that *Wild*, I'll juſtify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obſolete Example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.
F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
You make men deſp'rate, if they once are bad:
Elſe might he take to Virtue ſome years hence—
P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.
F. Strange ſpleen to S—k!
P. Do I wrong the Man?
God knows, I praiſe a Courtier where I can.
When I confeſs, there is who feels for Fame,
And melts to Goodneſs, need I SCARB'ROW name?

VER. 51. *why lay it on a King.*] He is ſerious in the foregoing ſubjects of ſatire; but ironical here, and only alludes to the common practice of Miniſters, in laying their own miſcarriages on their maſters.

VER. 57. *Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.*] Peter had, the year before this, narrowly eſcaped the Pillory for forgery: and got off with a ſevere rebuke only from the bench.

VER. 65. *Scarb'row*] Earl of, and Knight of the Garter,

l let me own, in *Esher's* peaceful Grove
e *Kent* and Nature vye for PELHAM's Love)
cene, the Master, opening to my view,
ıd dream I see my CRAGGS anew!
ı in a Bishop I can spy Desert;
is decent, *Rundel* has a Heart,
:rs with Candour are to *Benson* giv'n,
rkley, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.
does the Court a worthy Man remove?
nstant I declare, he has my Love:
his Zenith, court his mild Decline;
SOMMERS once, and HALIFAX, were mine.

personal attachments to the king appeared from his ıdherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of at employment of Master of the Horse; and whose honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties.

. 66. *Esher's peaceful Grove,*] The house and gardens :r in Surry, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, of the Duke of Newcastle. The author could not ven a more amiable idea of his Character than in ing him to Mr. Craggs.

. 74. *But does the Court a worthy Man remove?*] The eans *remove* him from his *worth*: not that he esteemed ng *in* or *out* a proof either of corruption, or virtue. d a glympse of a letter of yours lately (says he to Dr. t) by which I find you are, *like the vulgar*, apter to ‹ well of people *out* of power, than of people *in* power. aps 'tis a mistake; but, however, there is something generous." *Lett.* xvii. *Sept.* 3, 1726.

. 77. *Sommers*] John Lord Sommers died in 1716. He :n Lord Keeper in the reign of William III. who took im the seals in 1700. The author had the honour of ıg him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt

Oft, in the clear, ſtill Mirrour of Retreat,
I ſtudy'd SHREWSBURY, the wiſe and great:
CARLETON's calm Senſe, and STANHOPE's noble Flame,
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the ſame:
How pleaſing ATTERBURY's ſofter hour!
How ſhin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,
While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit:
ARGYLL, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
And ſhake alike the Senate and the Field:
Or WYNDHAM, juſt to Freedom and the Throne,
The Maſter of our Paſſions, and his own.

miniſter; who, to the qualities of a conſummate ſtateſman, added thoſe of a man of Learning and Politeneſs.

VER. 77. *Halifax*] A peer, no leſs diſtinguiſhed by his love of letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was diſgraced in 1710, on the change of Queen Anne's miniſtry.

VER. 79. *Shrewſbury*,] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewſbury, had been Secretary of State, Embaſſador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treaſurer. He ſeveral times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718.

VER. 80. *Carleton*.] Hen. Boyle, Lord Carleton (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle) who was Secretary of ſtate under William III. and Preſident of the council under Q. Anne.

Ibid. *Stanhope*] James Earl Stanhope. A Nobleman of equal courage, ſpirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of ſtate.

VER. 88. *Wyndham*] Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a conſiderable figure; but ſince a much greater both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmoſt judgment and temper.

ames, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
ank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their
Train ;
nd if yet higher the proud Liſt ſhould end,
ill let me ſay! No Follower, but a Friend.
Yet think not, Friendſhip only prompts my lays;
ollow *Virtue* ; where ſhe ſhines, I praiſe :
oint ſhe to Prieſt or Elder, Whig or Tory,
r round a Quaker's Beaver, caſt a Glory.
never (to my ſorrow I declare)
in'd with the Man of Ross, or my Lord May'r.
ome, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not grave)
ave ſtill a ſecret Byaſs to a Knave :
o find an honeſt man I beat about,
nd love him, court him, praiſe him, in or out.
F. Then why ſo few commended?
P. Not ſo fierce;
ind you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verſe.
ut random Praiſe—the taſk can ne'er be done;
ach Mother aſks it for her booby Son,
ach Widow aſks it for *the Beſt of Men*,
or him ſhe weeps, and him ſhe weds again.
raiſe cannot ſtoop, like Satire, to the ground ;
he Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
nough for half the Greateſt of theſe days,
o 'ſcape my Cenſure, not expect my Praiſe,
re they not rich? what more can they pretend?
are they to hope a Poet for their Friend?

What Richelieu wanted, Louis ſcarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wiſh'd, but wiſh'd in vain.
No Pow'r the Muſe's Friendſhip can command;
No Pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withſtand:
To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honeſt line;
O let my Country's Friends illumin mine!
—What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no ſin,
I think your Friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is ſtrangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow!
P. I only call thoſe Knaves who are ſo now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of *Arnall!* aid me while I lie.
Cobham's a Coward, Polwarth is a Slave,
And Lyttelton a dark, deſigning Knave,
St. John has ever been a wealthy Fool——
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
Has never made a Friend in private life,
And was, beſides, a Tyrant to his Wife.
But, pray, when others praiſe him, do I blame!
Call Verres, Wolſey, any odious name?

Ver. 129. *Spirit of Arnall!*] Look for him in his place, Dunc. B. ii. ver. 315.

Ver. 130. *Polwarth.*] The Hon. Hugh Hume, Son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, Grandſon of Patric Earl of Marchmont, and diſtinguiſhed, like them, in the cauſe of Liber

Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine,
Oh All-compliſh'd ST. JOHN! deck thy ſhrine?
What? ſhall each ſpurgall'd Hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay,
Or each new-penſion'd Sycophant, pretend
To break my Windows if I treat a Friend?
Then wiſely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my Gueſt at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I ſpare the Miniſter, no rules
Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be ſaid
His Saws are toothleſs, and his Hatchet's Lead.
It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day,
To ſee a Footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of honour, one a Knave;
The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jeſt,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the reſt:
Which not at preſent having time to do—
F. Hold Sir! for God's-ſake where's th' Affront to you?
Againſt your worſhip when had S—k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?
Or grant the Bard whoſe diſtich all commend
[*In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a friend*]

VER. 160. *the Bard*] A verſe taken out of a poem to Sir R. W.

To W—le guilty of ſome venial ſin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The Prieſt whoſe Flattery be-dropt the Crown,
How hurt he you! he only ſtain'd the Gown.
And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,
Whoſe Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?
P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole Houſe did afterwards the ſame.
Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford ſupply,
As Hog to Hog in huts of Weſtphaly;
If one, thro' Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal, dirty ſoil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a meſs almoſt as it came in;
The bleſſed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles cloſe behind;
From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouſe:
The laſt full fairly gives it to the *Houſe*.

F. This filthy ſimile, this beaſtly line
Quite turns my ſtomach—
P. So does Flatt'ry mine;
And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.

VER. 164. *The Prieſt, etc.*] Spoken not of any particular prieſt, but of many prieſts.

VER. 166. *And how did, etc.*] This ſeems to allude to a complaint made ver. 7. of the preceding Dialogue.

But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres ſcarce could write or read,
In all the Courts of Pindus guiltleſs quite;
But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write;
And muſt no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Becauſe the Deed he forg'd was not my own?
Muſt never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
Unleſs, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous Paſtor blame a failing Spouſe,
Without a ſtaring Reaſon on his brows?
And each Blaſphemer quite eſcape the rod,
Becauſe the inſult's not on Man, but God?
Aſk you what Provocation I have had?
The ſtrong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
Th' Affront is mine, my friend, and ſhould be yours.
Mine, as a Foe profeſs'd to falſe Pretence,
Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Senſe;
Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.
F. You're ſtrangely proud,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 185. in the MS.
I grant it, Sir; and further, 'tis agreed,
Japhet writ not, and Chartres ſcarce could read.

VER. 185. *Japhet --- Chartres*] See the Epiſtle to Lord Bathurſt.

VER. 204. *And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.*] From Terence: "Homo ſum: humani nihil a me alienum "puto."

P. So proud, I am no Slave:
So impudent, I own myſelf no knave:
So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I muſt be proud to ſee
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and ſham'd by Ridicule alone.
O ſacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Inſolence!
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muſe may give thee, but the Gods muſt guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honeſt zeal;
To rouſe the Watchmen of the public Weal,

VER. 208. *Yes, I am proud; etc.*] In this ironical exultation the Poet inſinuates a ſubject of the deepeſt humiliation.

VER. 211. *Yet touch'd and ſham'd by Ridicule alone.*] The Paſſions are given us to awaken and ſupport Virtue. But they frequently betray their truſt, and go over to the intereſts of Vice. Ridicule, when employed in the cauſe of Virtue, ſhames and brings them back to their duty. Hence the uſe and importance of *Satire*.

VER. 14. *To all but Heav'n-directed hands*] "The Citizen "(ſays *Plato*, in his fifth book of Laws) who does no injury "to any one, without queſtion, merits our eſteem. He, who, "not content with being barely juſt himſelf, oppoſes the "*courſe* of injuſtice, by proſecuting it before the Magiſtrate, "merits our eſteem vaſtly more. The *firſt* diſcharges the "duty of a ſingle Citizen: but the *other* does the office of a "Body. But he whoſe zeal ſtops not here, but proceeds to "ASSIST THE MAGISTRATE IN PUNISHING is the moſt "valuable bleſſing of Society. This is the PERFECT "CITIZEN, to whom we ſhould adjudge the *prize of Virtue*."

tue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
ad the Prelate ſlumb'ring in his Stall.
el Inſects! whom a Court maintains,
ounts your Beauties only by your Stains,
l your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!
uſe's wing ſhall bruſh you all away:
Grace preaches, all his Lordſhip ſings,
: makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings.
but Truth, drops dead-born from the Preſs,
e laſt Gazette, or the laſt Addreſs.
n black Ambition ſtains a public Cauſe,
arch's Sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
aller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,
ileau turn the Feather to a Star.

VARIATIONS.

ver. 227. in the MS.
ere's now the Star that lighted Charles to riſe?
With that which follow'd Julius to the ſkies.
gels, that watch'd the Royal Oak ſo well,
w chanc'd ye nod, when luckleſs Sorel fell?
ice, lying miracles! reduc'd ſo low
to the regal-touch, and papal-toe;
ice haughty Edgar's title to the Main,
ain's to France, and thine to India, Spain?

222. *Cobwebs*] Weak and ſlight ſophiſtry againſt
id honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide
of Truth, as cobwebs to ſhade the ſun.

228. *When black Ambition, etc.*]The caſe of Cromwell
vil war of England; and (ver. 229.) of Louis XIV.
nqueſt of the Low Countries.

231. *Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.*] See his
Namur; where (to uſe his own words) "il a fait un
de la Plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement

Not ſo, when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue's* Shrine,
Her Prieſteſs Muſe forbids the Good to die,
And opes the Temple of *Eternity*.
There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,
Than ſuch as Anſtis caſts into the Grave;
Far other Stars than * and ** wear,
And may deſcend to Mordington from STAIR:
(Such as on HOUGH's unſully'd Mitre ſhine,
Or beam, good DIGBY, from a heart like thine)
Let *Envy howl*, while Heav'n's whole Chorus ſings,
And bark at Honour not confer'd by Kings;
Let *Flatt'ry* ſick'ning ſee the Incenſe riſe,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies:
Truth guards the Poet, ſanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, Verſe as mean as mine.

" à ſon Chapeau, et qui eſt en effet une eſpece de Comete, " fatale a nos ennemis."

VER. 237. *Anſtis*] The chief Herald at arms. It is the cuſtom, at the funeral of great peers, to caſt into the grave the broken ſtaves and enſigns of honour.

VER. 239. *Stair*;] John Dalrymple Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thiſtle; ſerved in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as Embaſſador in France.

VER. 240, 241. *Hough and Digby*] Dr. John Hough Biſhop of Worceſter, and the Lord Digby. The one an aſſertor of the Church of England in oppoſition to the falſe meaſures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to the cauſe of that King. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue.

Yes, the laſt Pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth ſtands trembling on the edge of Law;
Here, Laſt of Britons? let your Names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praiſe the Dead,
And for that Cauſe which made your Fathers ſhine,
Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line.
Fr. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Eſſays on Man.*

VARIATIONS.

VER. 255. in the MS.
Quit, quit theſe themes, and write Eſſays on Man.

VER. *ult.*] This was the laſt poem of the kind printed by our author, with a reſolution to publiſh no more; but to enter thus, in the moſt plain and ſolemn manner he could, a ſort of PROTEST againſt that inſuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been ſo unhappy as to live to ſee. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued thoſe attacks; but bad men were grown ſo ſhameleſs and ſo powerful, that Ridicule was become as unſafe as it was ineffectual. The Poem raiſed him, as he knew it would, ſome enemies; but he had reaſon to be ſatisfied with the approbation of good men, and the teſtimony of his own conſcience.

ON

Receiving from the Right Hon. the Lady

FRANCES SHIRLEY

A STANDISH and TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
Deſcend in all her ſober charms;
" And take (ſhe ſaid, and ſmil'd ſerene)
" Take at this hand celeſtial arms:

" Secure the radiant weapons wield;
" This golden lance ſhall guard Deſert,
" And if a Vice dares keep the field,
" This ſteel ſhall ſtab it to the heart."

Aw'd on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the ſky;
And dipt them in the ſable Well,
The fount of Fame or Infamy.

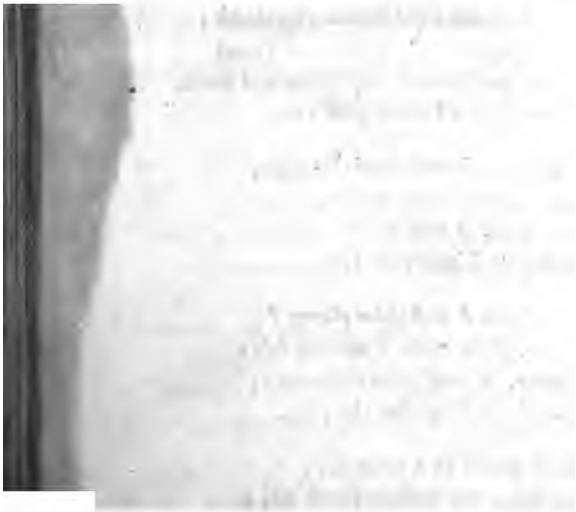
The Lady Frances Shirley] A Lady whoſe great Merit Mr. Pope took a real pleaſure to celebrate.

" What *Well?* what *Weapon?* (Flavia cries)
" A ſtandiſh, ſteel and golden pen!
" It came from Bertrand's, not the ſkies;
" I gave it you to write again.

" But, Friend, take heed whom you attack;
" You'll bring a houſe (I mean of Peers)
" Red, Blue, and Green, nay white and black,
" L——— and all about your ears.

" You'd write as ſmooth again on glaſs,
" And run, on ivory, ſo glib,
" As not to ſtick at fool or aſs,
" Nor ſtop at Flattery or Fib.

" *Athenian Queen!* and *ſober charms!*
" I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't:
" 'Tis Venus, Venus gives theſe arms;
" In Dryden's Virgil ſee the print.

" Come, if you'll be a quiet ſoul,
" That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies,
" I'll lift you in the harmleſs roll
" Of thoſe that ſing of theſe poor eyes."

The End of the FOURTH VOLUME.